

MARCH
No.53

CRACK COMICS

10¢



Larry Reeves



Captain
TRIUMPH
battles
The MAN
WHO
ROBBED
THE DEAD!



WEB COMIC
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Captain TRIUMPH



A cunning plot, inspired by greed and guile, was put in action to steal a legacy left to a dead man! It looked airtight to the vile human vultures who planned it, but.... the dead victim they chose to rob happened to be **Michael Gallant!**

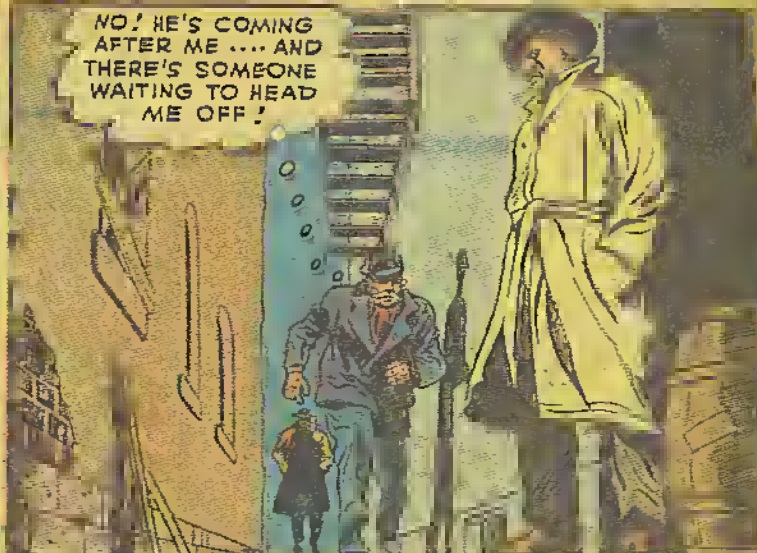
How could they know that his spirit still lived...and could combine with his twin brother Lance to become the invincible **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH**, whose whole purpose in life is to crush the forces of evil?

Dark night...a dark street...
and dark figures in action..

HE'S FOLLOWED ME EVER SINCE
I GOT OFF THE SHIP! PERHAPS,
IF I DUCK DOWN THIS ALLEY I
CAN SHAKE HIM OFF!



NO! HE'S COMING
AFTER ME... AND
THERE'S SOMEONE
WAITING TO HEAD
ME OFF!



WHAT'S ALL THIS
ABOUT, YOU TWO?
WHY ARE YOU POINTING
THAT GUN AT ME? I
DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU
WANT... DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHO YOU ARE...

YOU'LL
NEVER
KNOW!



No one is at hand to
hear...except for the
ghost of Michael
Gallant...

A SHOT!
IN THE ALLEY
BELOW!



WELL DONE!
NOW HURRY
AWAY!

THEIR VICTIM
IS DEAD! AND
HIS FACE... I
KNOW HIM!



IT'S EMMET D'ARCY...
MY GODFATHER... BACK
IN THIS COUNTRY! I'LL
HAVE TO FIND LANCE
IMMEDIATELY!



And Lance, Michael's surviving twin
brother, has a date with his two best
friends....

HOW'S IT GOING,
KIM? HERE I AM,
COMPLETE WITH
APPETITE!

COME IN AND WATCH BIFF
TOSS UP HIS FAVORITE
SPAGHETTI RECIPE! HE
CLAIMS NO WOMAN KNOWS
THE SCIENCE PROPERLY!



THERE Y'ARE, KIDS!
PLENTY OF DAMES!
WOULD MARRY ME
TOMORROW FOR THE
SECRET OF MY
SPAGHETTI... BUT
NEITHER BEAUTY
NOR MONEY CAN
TEMPT ME!

LANCE!
LANCE!



Only Lance Gallant can
see and hear the dis-
embodied spirit of
his twin brother...

IT'S ABOUT
EMMET...
DARCY... YOU
REMEMBER, OUR
FATHER TOLD HIM
TO LOOK AFTER
ME! HE'S LYING
DEAD IN AN
ALLEY THE OTHER
SIDE OF
TOWN!

EMMET DARCY!
HE WENT TO
EUROPE
BEFORE THE
WAR... I
SPENT
YEARS
THERE
ON SOME
SECRET
MISSION!
AND NOW,
YOU SAY...



Immediately,
Lance touches the
mystic mark on
his wrist and the
twins merge into...



CAPTAIN
TRIUMPH!
WHAT ARE YOU
UP TO?

LANCE WILL TAKE A
RAIN CHECK ON THE
SPAGHETTI DINNER,
BIFF! SEE YOU
LATER!



WHAT HOPPED
ACROSS THE
STREET OVER
US?

DUNNO! IT WAS
TOO BIG FOR A CAT...
TOO SOLID FOR A
PUFF OF SMOKE...
AND TOO FAST FOR
A SHOOTING STAR!



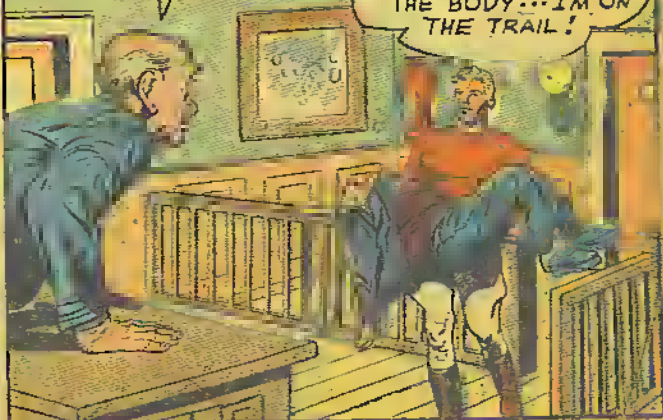
Within speeding seconds, Captain
Triumph returns to the scene of
Emmet Darcy's death...

NO TRACE OF HIS MURDERERS!
NO CLUE TO THEM OR THEIR
MOTIVES! I'LL FIND THEM...
BUT, MEANWHILE, I CAN'T
LEAVE HIM LYING HERE!



IT'S CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!
WHAT HAVE YOU THERE...
SOMEONE INJURED?

SOMEBODY'S DEAD,
SERGEANT... KILLED
IN A BRUTAL,
COWARDLY FASHION!
TAKE CHARGE OF
THE BODY... I'M ON
THE TRAIL!



Not even the great mind and power of Captain Triumph can find a trace of the assassins! In the morning, after Captain Triumph has again touched the wrist mark to separate into the twin brothers...



ARE YOU ATTORNEY TRIPKON? I'M LANCE GALLANT! YOU PHONED FOR ME TO COME TO YOUR OFFICE!

SIT DOWN, MR. GALLANT! THESE ARE NEWSPAPERMEN! THEY CAME TO HEAR THE NEWS OF MR. EMMET DARCY'S INTERESTING WILL!

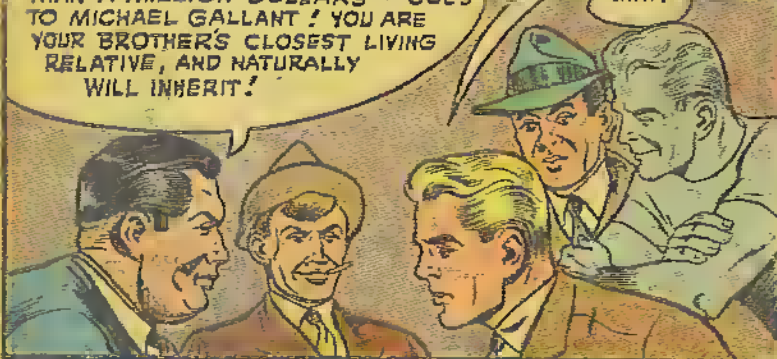


AS YOU AND I KNOW, MR. DARCY WAS THE GODFATHER OF YOUR BROTHER MICHAEL! HE WENT TO EUROPE BEFORE YOUR BROTHER'S TRAGIC DEATH, AND APPARENTLY NEVER KNEW ABOUT IT! THIS WILL SAYS THAT HIS FORTUNE... MORE THAN A MILLION DOLLARS... GOES TO MICHAEL GALLANT! YOU ARE YOUR BROTHER'S CLOSEST LIVING RELATIVE, AND NATURALLY WILL INHERIT!

AMAZING AND RATHER SHOCKING, MR. TRIPKON! I KNEW MR. DARCY ONLY SLIGHTLY! IT WAS MICHAEL WHO WAS CLOSE TO HIM!

THAT BEING THE CASE, AND SINCE I HAVE PLENTY FOR MY OWN SIMPLE NEEDS, I DON'T FEEL LIKE ACCEPTING THAT FORTUNE AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES! I'D RATHER THAT IT WAS USED FOR THE GOOD OF UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE...

LANCE! LANCE! I KNEW YOU'D DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS! I COULD NOT WISH FOR A BETTER OR WISER BROTHER!



ARRANGE FOR IT TO BE TURNED OVER TO THE AMERICAN FUND FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH, MR. TRIPKON! IT WILL HELP MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN!

WHAT A STORY, BOB! THIS GOES ON THE FRONT PAGE!



Daily Informer

FINAL

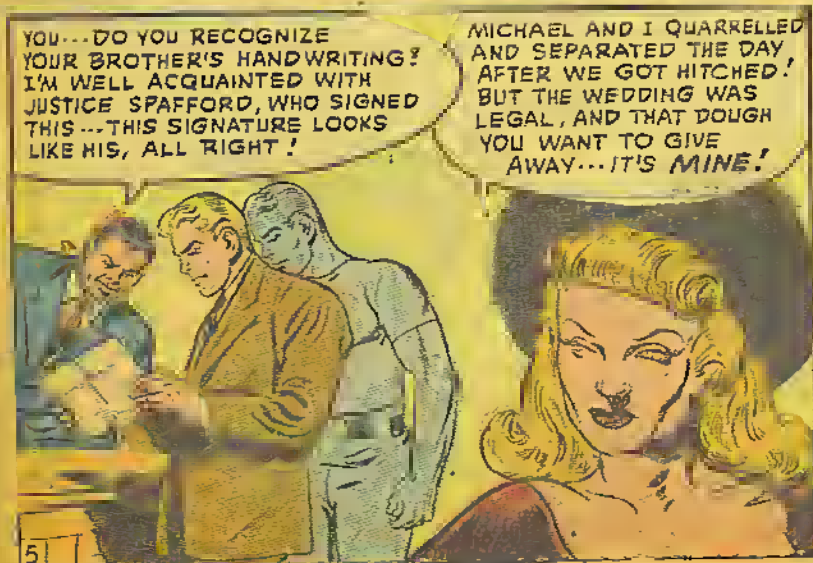
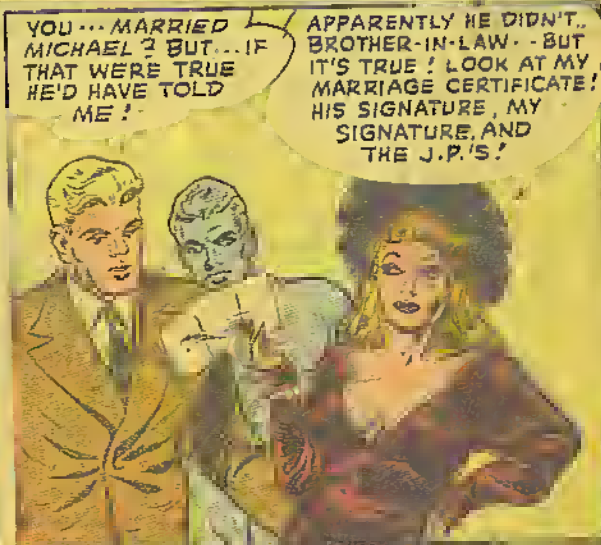
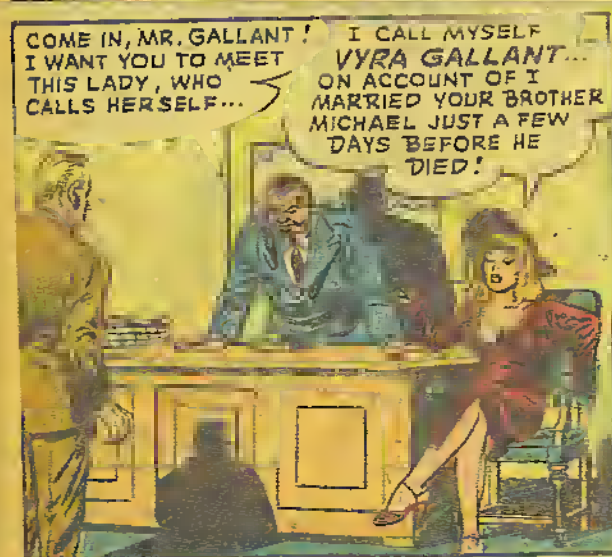
LANCE GALLANT GIVES MILLION TO MEDICAL RESEARCH! GENEROUS GIFT TO AID SCIENCE!

The Daily Informer first got up the story of the generous gift of a million dollars to the American Fund for Medical Research. The gift was made by Lance Gallant, brother of the late Michael Gallant, who was killed in a tragic accident. The gift was made in memory of Michael Gallant, who was a close friend of the late Michael Gallant. The gift was made in memory of Michael Gallant, who was a close friend of the late Michael Gallant. The gift was made in memory of Michael Gallant, who was a close friend of the late Michael Gallant.





RIN-NG!
RIN-NG!



BUT I KNOW SHE NEVER MARRIED MICHAEL! I KNOW, BECAUSE HE ...

I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW BECAUSE HIS GHOST JUST TOLD YOU I'M A PHONY, HUH? GET UP ON A WITNESS STAND, BROTHER-IN-LAW, AND CONVINCE A JURY!

WHAT THE LADY SAYS IS CORRECT, SIR! YOU WILL HAVE TO BRING PROOF THAT THE MARRIAGE DIDN'T TAKE PLACE, OR I MUST ACCEPT THIS CERTIFICATE! AS A LAWYER, MY DUTY IS TO GO BY THE BEST EVIDENCE!

HE'S RIGHT, LANCE! WHAT THAT WOMAN SAID WAS A SHOT IN THE DARK, BUT IT'S TRUE... YOU CAN'T SHOW SHE'S A FRAUD BY SAYING YOUR DEAD BROTHER TOLD YOU! COME OUTSIDE!



AS ATTORNEY FOR THE ESTATE OF EMMET DARCY, YOU CAN EXPECT A CALL FROM MY LAWYER... TO GET THE DOUGH IN SHAPE FOR ME TO TAKE OVER! GOOD-BYE, MR. TRIPKON!

HERE SHE COMES, LANCE! RUB THE BIRTHMARK, QUICK!

As the self-styled widow leaves, Captain Triumph follows...

WAIT A MOMENT, VYRA!

WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU GET OFF CALLING ME BY MY FIRST NAME?

I'M CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! AND I CALL YOU BY YOUR FIRST NAME BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW YOUR LAST NAME... EXCEPT THAT IT ISN'T GALLANT!

OH, A SMART GUY, EH? I SUPPOSE MY BROTHER-IN-LAW SENT YOU AFTER ME! WELL...

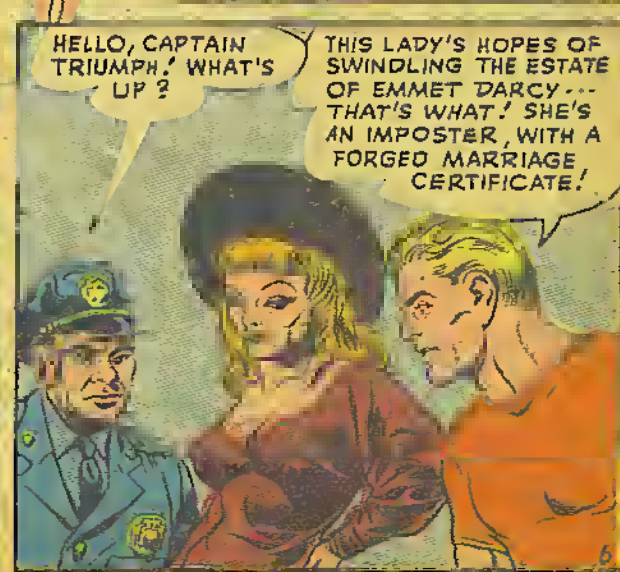


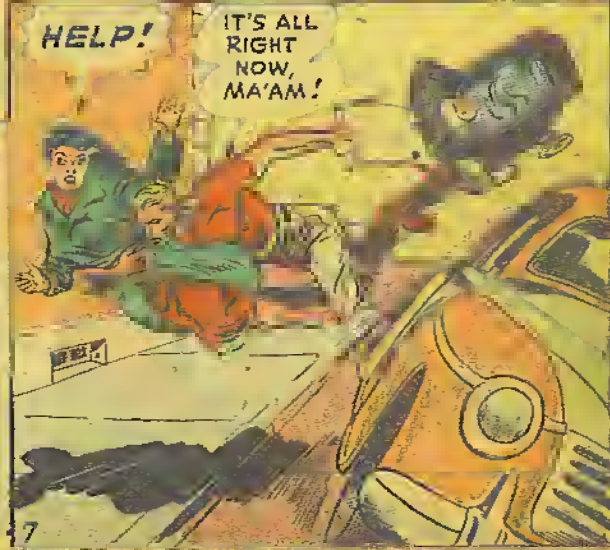
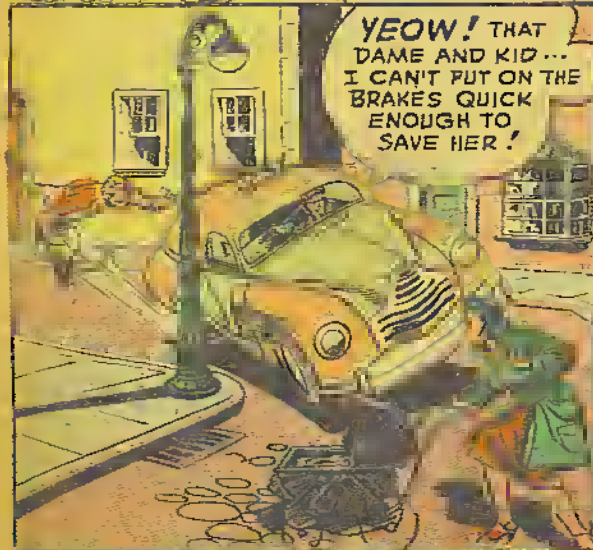
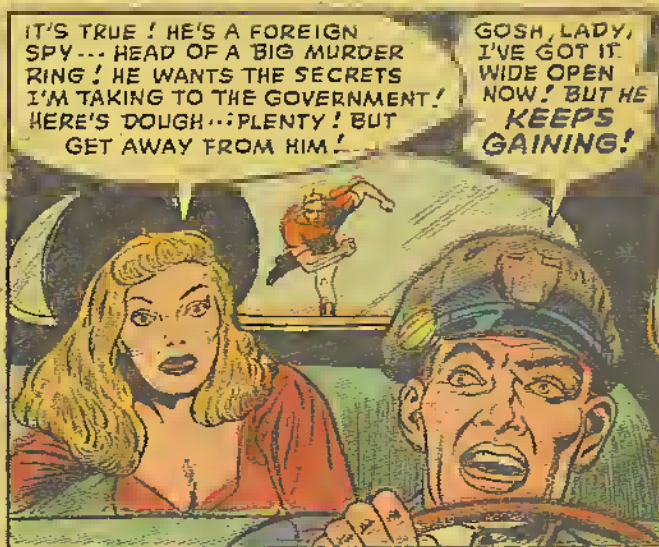
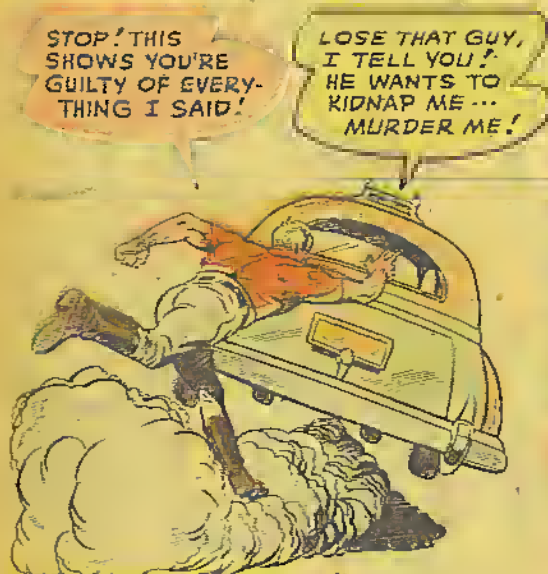
... STOP FOLLOWING ME OR I'LL CALL THAT COP!

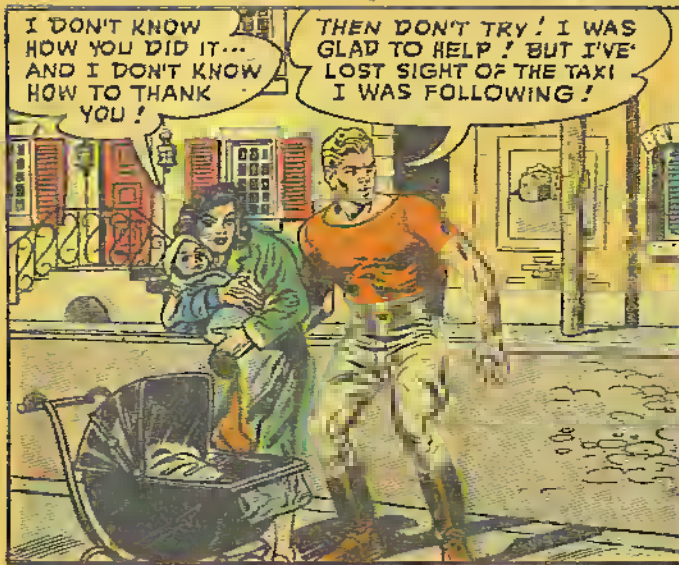
A GOOD IDEA! OFFICER, WILL YOU COME HERE?

HELLO, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! WHAT'S UP?

THIS LADY'S HOPES OF SWINDLING THE ESTATE OF EMMET DARCY... THAT'S WHAT! SHE'S AN IMPOSTER, WITH A FORGED MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE!







I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT... AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

THEN DON'T TRY! I WAS GLAD TO HELP! BUT I'VE LOST SIGHT OF THE TAXI I WAS FOLLOWING!



Seeking a moment of privacy, Captain Triumph touches the birthmark and...

I'LL COMB THE CITY! UNSEEN, LANCE!

KEEP IN TOUCH WITH ME, MICHAEL! I'LL GET KIM AND BIFF...THE FOUR OF US CAN COVER A LOT OF TERRITORY!

When Lance tells his friends of the claims made by Vyra at Attorney Triphon's office...

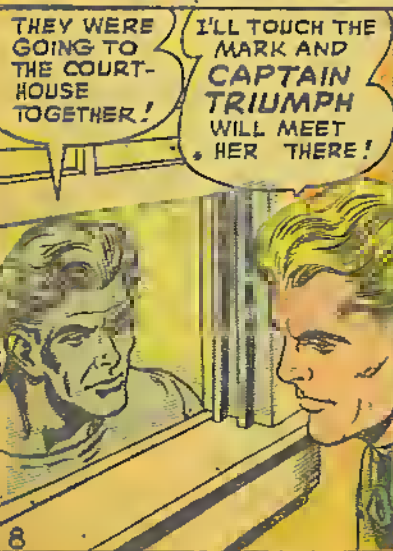
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! BIFF, LANCE, YOU BOTH KNEW THAT...THAT MICHAEL AND I HAD INTENDED TO MARRY BEFORE HE...HE...

BIFF AND I KNOW IT, KIM! WHAT WE MUST DO IS FIND VYRA AND MAKE HER ADMIT SHE'S A PHONY!



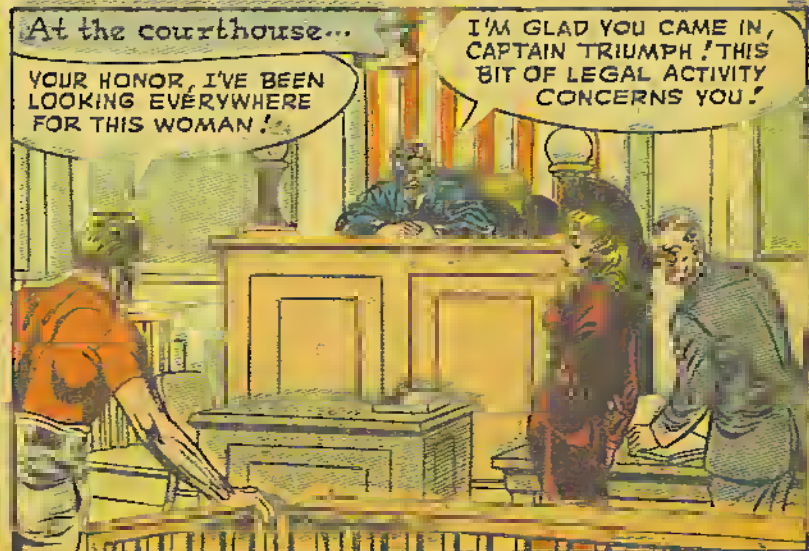
MICHAEL! HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

YES! I REMEMBERED WHAT SHE SAID ABOUT HER LAWYER...SO I VISITED OFFICE AFTER OFFICE! I FOUND HER LEAVING ONE, WITH AN ATTORNEY NAMED BIGGOTTS!



THEY WERE GOING TO THE COURT-HOUSE TOGETHER!

I'LL TOUCH THE MARK AND CAPTAIN TRIUMPH WILL MEET HER THERE!



At the courthouse...

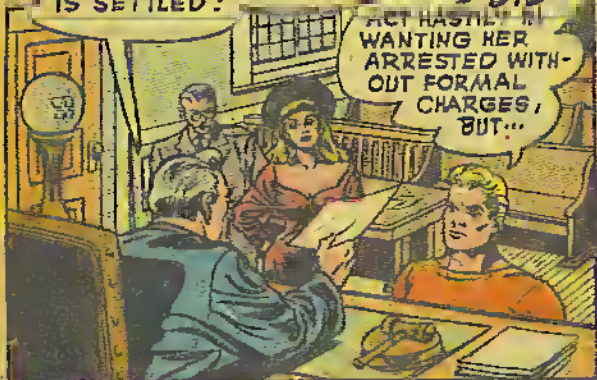
YOUR HONOR, I'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR THIS WOMAN!

I'M GLAD YOU CAME IN, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! THIS BIT OF LEGAL ACTIVITY CONCERNS YOU!

ON MOTION OF ATTORNEY BIGGOTS, I HAVE JUST ISSUED AN INJUNCTION TO RESTRAIN THE POLICE, LANCE GALLANT AND CAPTAIN TRIUMPH FROM MOLESTING MRS. VYRA GALLANT UNTIL THE DISPOSITION OF THE DARCY FORTUNE IS SETTLED!

MAYBE THIS WAS COMING TO ME, JUDGE! PERHAPS I DID

ACT HASTILY IN WANTING HER ARRESTED WITHOUT FORMAL CHARGES, BUT...



YOUR UNWISE ACTION, AND THE WILLINGNESS OF THE POLICE TO HELP YOU, LEFT ME NO ALTERNATIVE! I RECOGNIZE YOUR GREAT SERVICES TO LAW AND ORDER, BUT IN THIS MATTER YOU MUST RESPECT MY JUDGEMENT AND THE DUE PROCESS OF JUSTICE... OR I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE OUR MINDS ABOUT HOW FRIENDLY YOU ARE TO THE RIGHT PEOPLE!

I ACCEPT THAT DECISION. YOUR HONOR... FOR THE TIME BEING!



SO LONG, BUSTER! COME SEE ME SOME TIME... WHEN I'M OUT!

THANK HEAVEN YOU TWO FOLLOWED ME HERE! WE'VE BEEN REALLY SLOWED UP!



When Captain Triumph explains the injunction to Biff and Kim...

I KNOW THAT NO POLICE OR COURTS COULD STOP YOU IF YOU WANTED TO DISOBEY, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! BUT YOU HAVE AN EXAMPLE TO SET!

RIGHT, KIM! I MUST OBEY PROPER LAW AND LEGAL DECISIONS, OR I'LL JUST SPOIL MY YEARS OF WORK, TRYING TO MAKE ALL MEN RESPECT RIGHT AND JUSTICE!



KIM AND I WEREN'T TOLD TO LAY OFF BY ANY JUDGE! WE'LL FOLLOW THAT VYRA TOMATO AND REPORT LATER!

SWELL, BIFF! BUT LOOK OUT... SHE MAY BE TOUGH TO HANDLE!



Left alone, Captein Triumph touches the magic mark once more...

I'M NOT MENTIONED BY THE INJUNCTION, EITHER! I THINK I KNOW SOMETHING I CAN DO ABOUT ALL THIS!

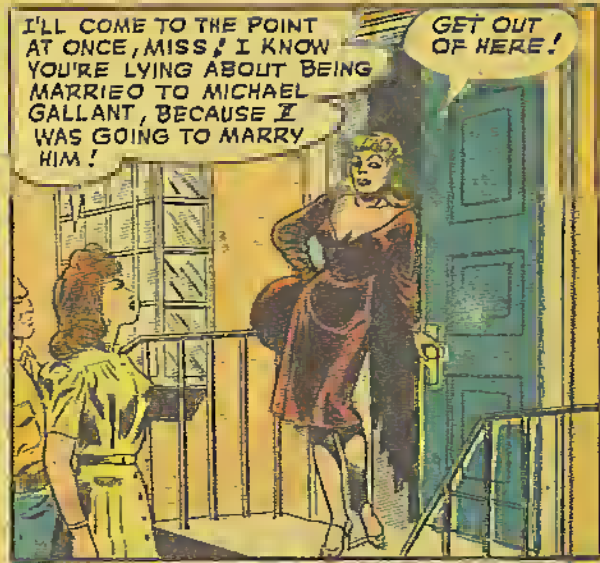
GOOD ENOUGH! BUT ALL I SEEM TO BE ABLE TO DO IS WAIT!





THERE THEY GO, KIM ... INTO THAT HOUSE!

AND WE'RE GOING AFTER THEM! WE'LL HAVE THIS MATTER OUT HERE AND NOW!



I'LL COME TO THE POINT AT ONCE, MISS! I KNOW YOU'RE LYING ABOUT BEING MARRIED TO MICHAEL GALLANT, BECAUSE I WAS GOING TO MARRY HIM!

GET OUT OF HERE!



I'VE THE LAW ON MY SIDE! I'LL HAVE YOU AND THAT PLUG-UGLY WITH YOU THROWN OUT!

THINK AGAIN, VYRA, MY DEAR! IF THE YOUNG LADY CLAIMS TO HAVE BEEN ON SUCH GOOD TERMS WITH MICHAEL, ASK HER TO COME IN!



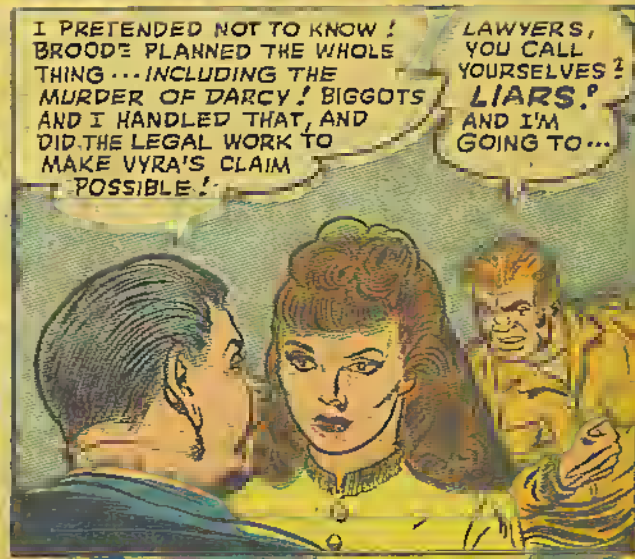
MY NAME IS BROODE! AND SINCE I SEE YOU, YOUNG WOMAN, I CAN UNDERSTAND EVEN A PROUD GENTLEMAN LIKE MICHAEL GALLANT LOVING YOU!

YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE BACKING UP VYRA'S RIDICULOUS CLAIMS, MR. BROODE!



NO NEED TO PRETEND WITH YOU! BUT WITH THE COURTS I'VE WORKED HARD FOR VYRA! YOU'VE HEARD OF THESE LEGAL GENTLEMEN ... MR. BIGGOTS AND MR. TRIPKON!

MR. TRIPKON! BUT HE WAS THE LAWYER FOR THE DARCY ESTATE! HE OFFERED IT TO LANCE, AS MICHAEL'S SURVIVING BROTHER! HE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THIS PLOT.



I PRETENDED NOT TO KNOW! BROODE PLANNED THE WHOLE THING ... INCLUDING THE MURDER OF DARCY! BIGGOTS AND I HANDLED THAT, AND DID THE LEGAL WORK TO MAKE VYRA'S CLAIM POSSIBLE!

LAWYERS, YOU CALL YOURSELVES? LIARS! AND I'M GOING TO...

QUIET, WHOEVER YOU ARE! NOBODY ASKED FOR A STATEMENT FROM YOU!

I'LL ROUSE THE NEIGHBORHOOD! LET ME TO THE DOOR!



SIT DOWN IN THIS CHAIR, BEFORE WE TIE YOU TO IT! AS SOON AS I HEARD YOU WERE LANCE GALLANT'S FIANCEE, I KNEW YOU MUSTN'T ESCAPE!



YOU'RE GOING NOWHERE, BABE!

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW VYRA COULD HAVE A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE SIGNED BY MICHAEL GALLANT!

I SIGNED THE CERTIFICATE, YOUNG WOMAN!

I AM PROBABLY THE MOST SUCCESSFUL FORGER IN THE WORLD! THIS LITTLE JOB WILL BE MY MASTERPIECE!



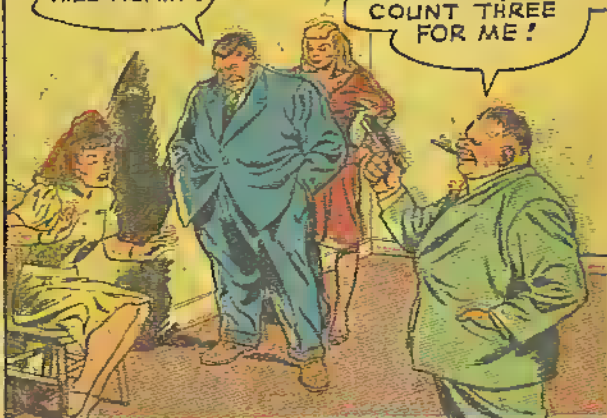
I KNEW OF DARCY AND HIS PLAN TO RETURN FROM EUROPE! I LINED UP BIGGOTT'S, TRIPKON, AND VYRA... LIKE ALL BRILLIANT CAMPAIGNS, IT WAS REALLY QUITE SIMPLE TO PUT THROUGH!

IT ISN'T PUT THROUGH YET, MR. BROODE! BECAUSE I KNOW... AND I'LL TELL!



COME, COME! WE KILLED ONCE FOR THE SAKE OF A MILLION... DO YOU THINK WE WON'T KILL AGAIN?

THIS TIME, I'LL FIRE THE SHOT! AND JUST TO GIVE VYRA HER SHARE IN THE FUN, SHE'LL COUNT THREE FOR ME!

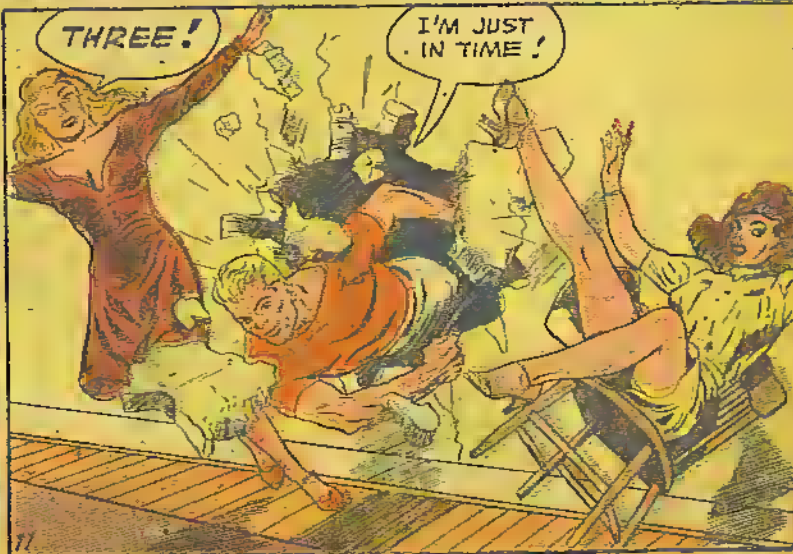


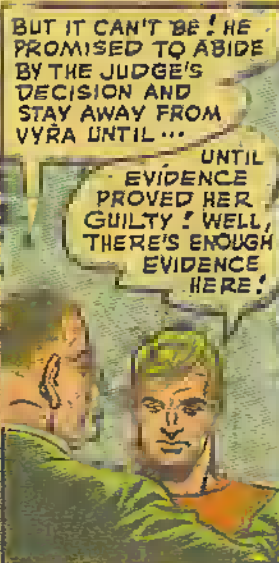
ONE!
TWO!



THREE!

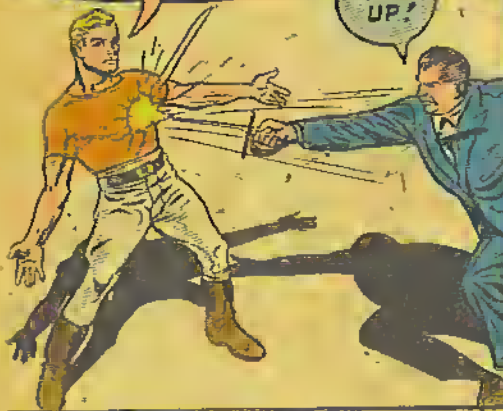
I'M JUST IN TIME!





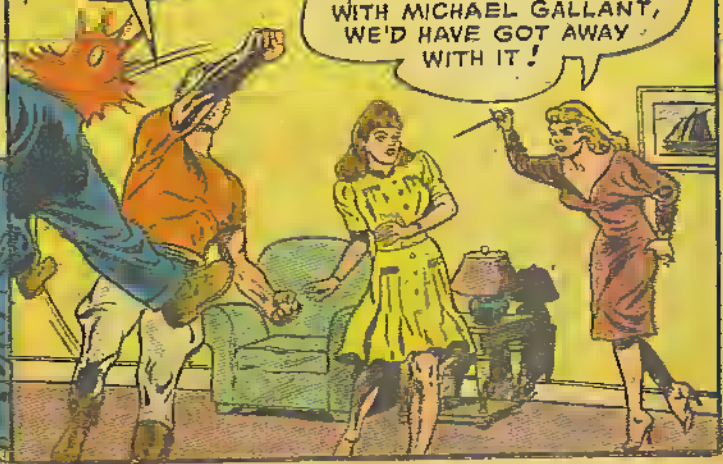
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED THAT, TRIPKON! THAT WEAPON WAS A TRIUMPH OF THE SWORDSMITH'S ART... BEAUTIFULLY TEMPERED METAL... MUST HAVE BEEN WORTH PLENTY!

I GIVE UP!



GIVE UP? WHY NOT? IT'S MORE RESTFUL!

I'M FINISHING YOU, AT LEAST! IF YOU HADN'T BOBBED UP WITH THAT STORY ABOUT A ROMANCE WITH MICHAEL GALLANT, WE'D HAVE GOT AWAY WITH IT!



NO YOU DON'T!

LET GO OF MY WRIST!



SORRY IT'S NECESSARY TO DESTROY SO MUCH GOOD CUTLERY!

STAY OUT OF THIS, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! SHE STARTED IT... I'LL FINISH IT!



I LEARNED THIS TRICK BY WATCHING YOU AT WORK!

AND YOU SHOULD GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS! SHE'S OUT COLD, LIKE THE OTHERS!



NOW, WHERE'S THE LAST OF THE BUNCH... THAT CLOSE-COUPLED, SNEERING SPORTS-MAN?

BROODE? HE DRAGGED BIFF OUT THAT DOOR AND LOCKED IT BEHIND HIM! GO RESCUE BIFF!



SURELY BROODE
DIDN'T THINK THIS
DOOR COULD
STOP ME!

NO, CAPTAIN
TRIUMPH! BUT
YOU CAN BE
STOPPED!
LOOK!

UHHH...
WHAT A
KLUNK ON
THE HEAD!

DON'T MOVE, OR
I'LL BLOW OUT
YOUR FRIEND'S
BRAINS! HE'S
NOT INVULNERABLE
TO GUNS! LET'S
TALK!

YOU AND I ARE
PRACTICAL MEN,
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!
LET'S MAKE A
DEAL! ALLOW ME
TO ESCAPE, AND
I'LL DROP THIS
DARCY SWINDLE
AND STAY OUT
OF YOUR WAY
FOREVER!

BEING AS
PRACTICAL
AS YOU
CLAIM TO
BE, I
KNOW
YOU'D DO
JUST THAT...
STAY OUT
OF MY WAY!
BUT WHAT
ABOUT THE
WAY OF
OTHERS?

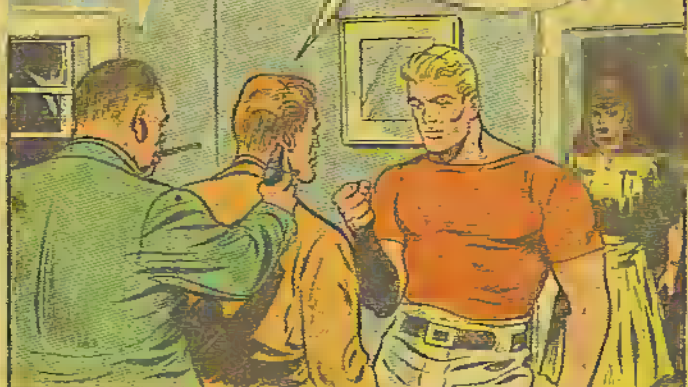


YOU DON'T KNOW OF
ANY WAY TO LIVE—
EXCEPT BY FORGING,
CHEATING, ROBBING!
I CAN HARDLY
AGREE TO
THAT!

BUT IF YOU DON'T,
I KILL YOUR
POOR PARTNER
HERE! NO USE
SIDLING CLOSER...
HE'S BETWEEN
YOU AND
ME!

THAT DOUBLED FIST
DOESN'T SCARE ME!
YOU CAN'T REACH
ME... NOT PAST
HIM!

HE MEANS IT, CAP! HE
CAN PULL THE TRIGGER
BEFORE YOU THROW A
WALLOP FAR ENOUGH
TO HIT HIM! YOU
CAN'T...



BUT I CAN
HIT YOU,
BIFF!

I HAD TO STRIKE MY
FRIEND TO SAVE HIM!
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!



I'D KNOCK YOUR HEAD LOOSE FROM YOUR NECK... IF YOU HAD A NECK!

DON'T BLAME CAPTAIN TRIUMPH, BIFF! HE HIT YOU AS GENTLY AS HE COULD!



THAT FINISHES THE JOB! TELEPHONE THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, KIM! TELL HIM THAT WE'VE GOT THE PROOF THAT THIS BUNCH OF BUZZARDS WAS TRYING TO STEAL THE DARCY FORTUNE!



As the captives are rounded up...

PLEASE TRY TO UNDERSTAND, BIFF! I HAD TO SLAP YOU OUT OF THE WAY OR HE'D HAVE KILLED YOU!

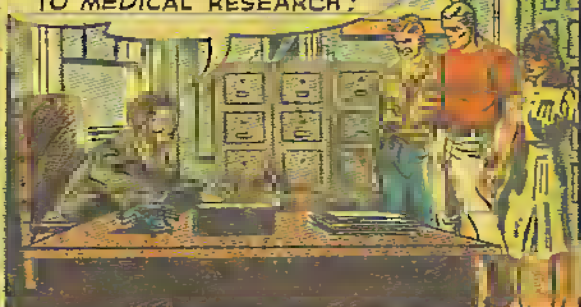
I'M ONLY WONDERING IF MY JAW'S STILL ON SO I CAN THANK YOU, CAP!



And at the prosecutor's office...

WE WON'T NEED YOU FOR WITNESSES! VYRA AND BROODE HAVE SIGNED STATEMENTS ADMITTING THE WHOLE CONSPIRACY! THE MONEY WILL GO AS LANCE GALLANT DIRECTED... TO MEDICAL RESEARCH!

THEN WE'LL LEAVE THE WHOLE MATTER IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW!



WHERE'S THE CAR? SOMEBODY ELSE HAS GOTTA DRIVE... I DON'T FEEL UP TO IT!

WAIT TILL I FIND A SECLUDED SPOT... THEN LANCE WILL TAKE THE WHEEL!

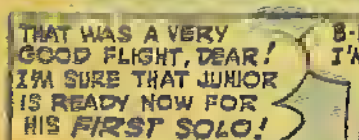
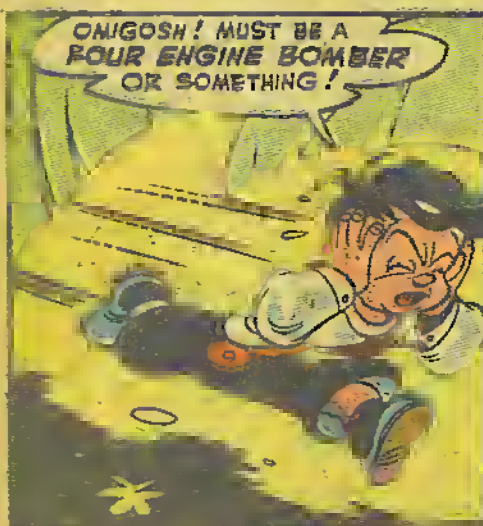
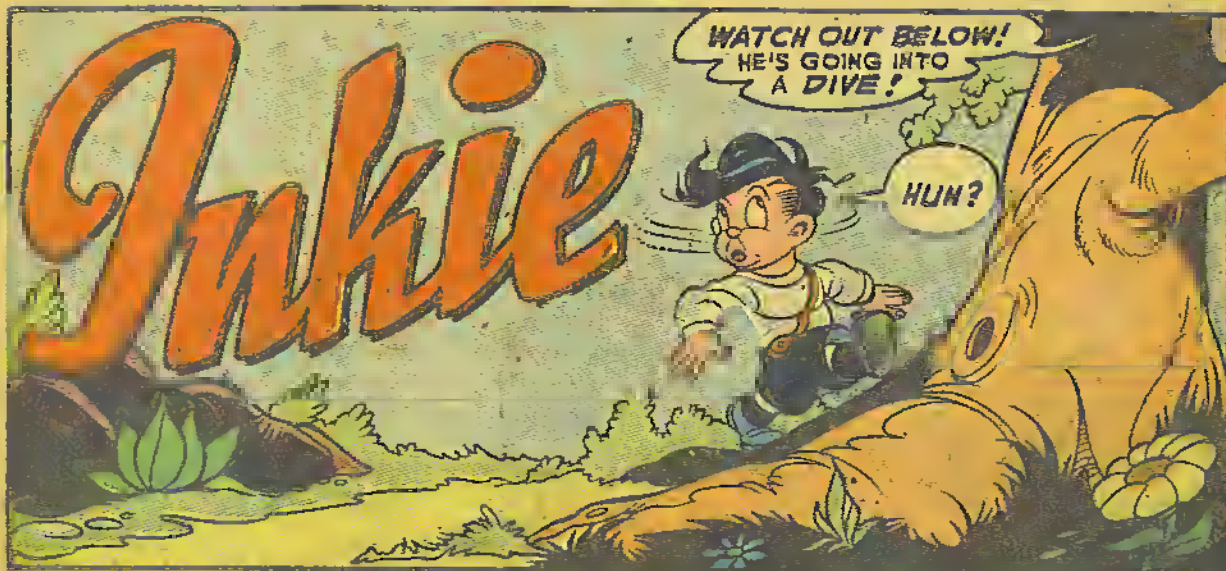


Touching the birthmark on his wrist, Captain Triumph again becomes Lance Gallant and Michael's spirit...

I'M IN THE MOOD FOR ONE OF BIFF'S SPAGHETTI DINNERS! WHAT SAY?

I WON'T BE ABLE TO CHEW SPAGHETTI! I'LL TAKE SOUP!





B-BUT, MAMA...
I'M S-SCARED!

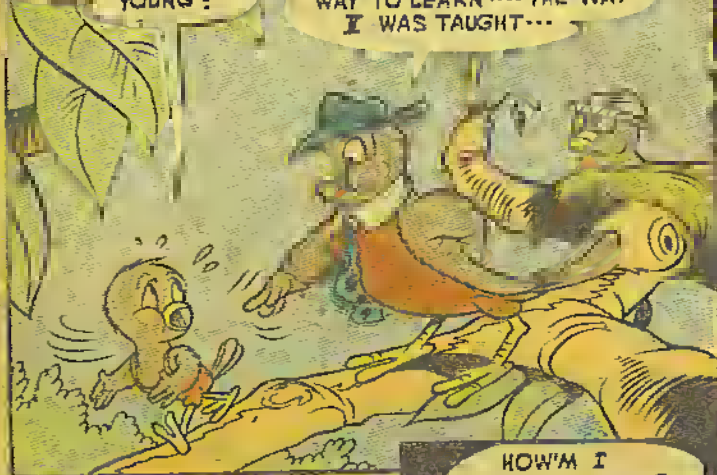


HMF! A FINE PLACE FOR
FLYING LESSONS! HE
ALMOST RAN ME DOWN!



P-PLEASE, DADDY!
NOT NOW! DON'T
YOU THINK I'M TOO
YOUNG?

NONSENSE, SON! ALL BIRDS SHOULD
BE FLYING AT YOUR AGE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE RIGHT
WAY TO LEARN----THE WAY
I WAS TAUGHT---



...GET OUT THERE
AND FLY!

OH!



OH-OH! I HIT AN AIR
POCKET! HELP!



GULP! THIS IS WHERE
I DUCK!



HOW'M I
DOIN', FOLKS?

WONDERFUL!
KEEP GOING!



POOR
DARLING!

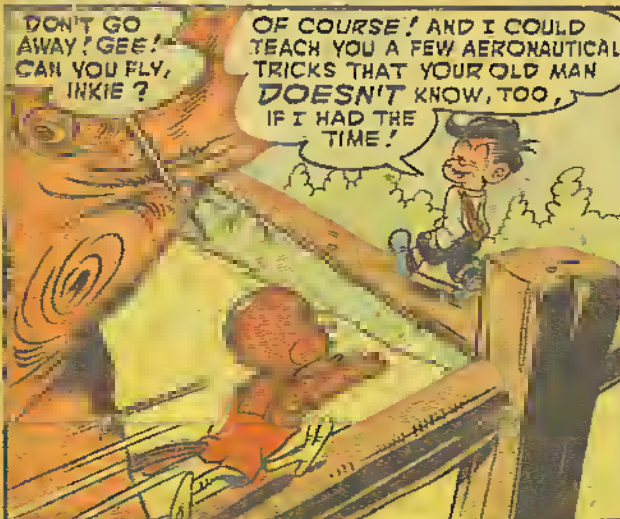
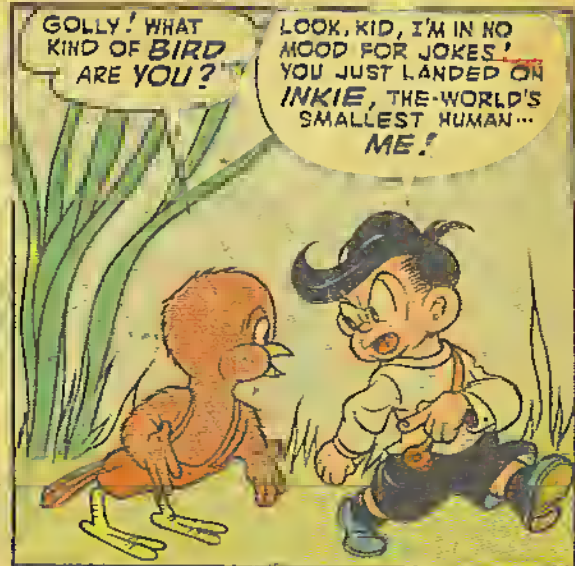
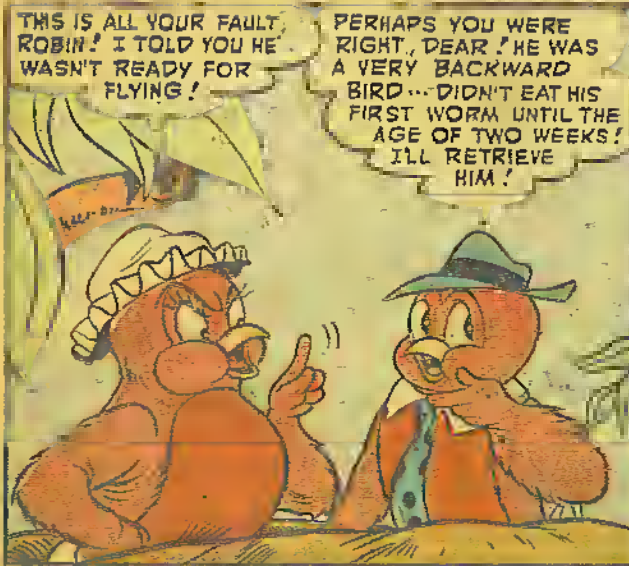
PULL OUT OF THAT
TAILSPIN, JUNIOR!
HURRY!

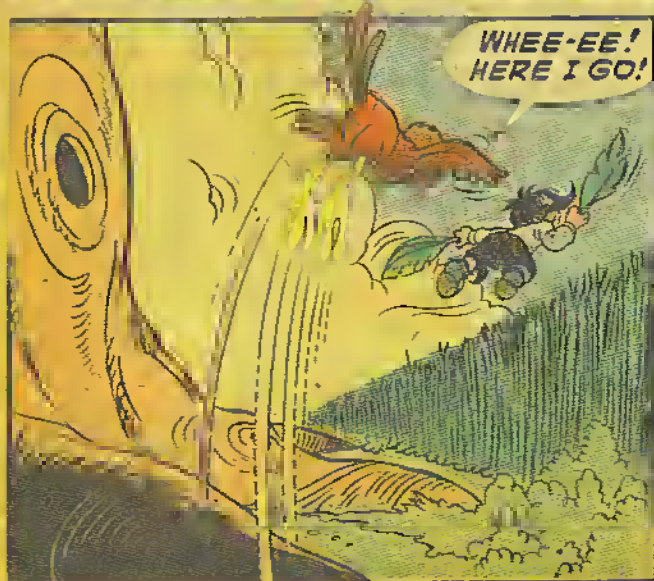
I-I
CAN'T,
POP!

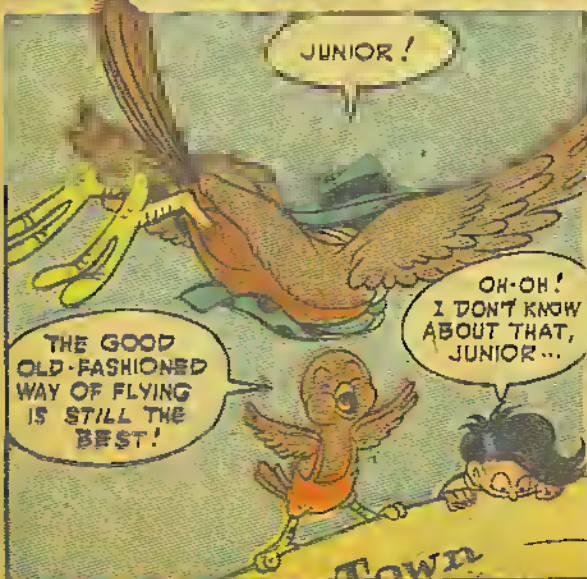
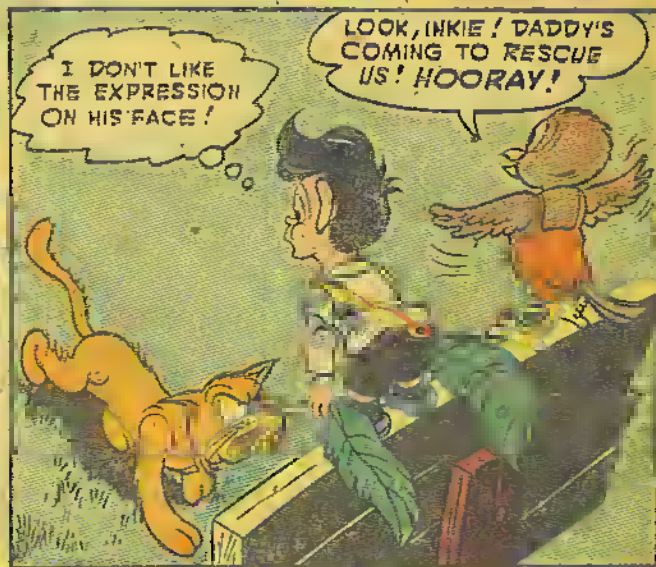
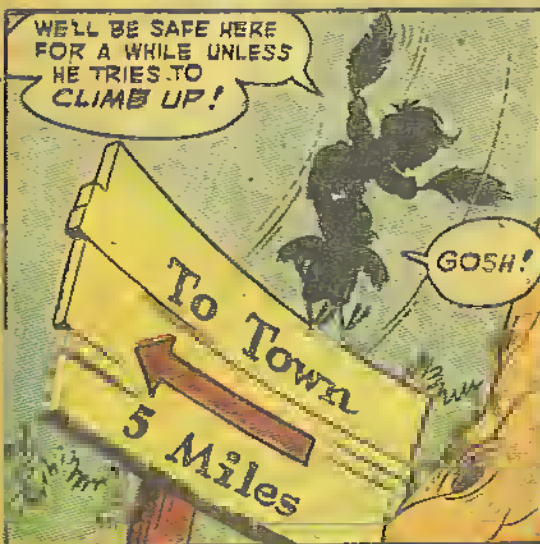
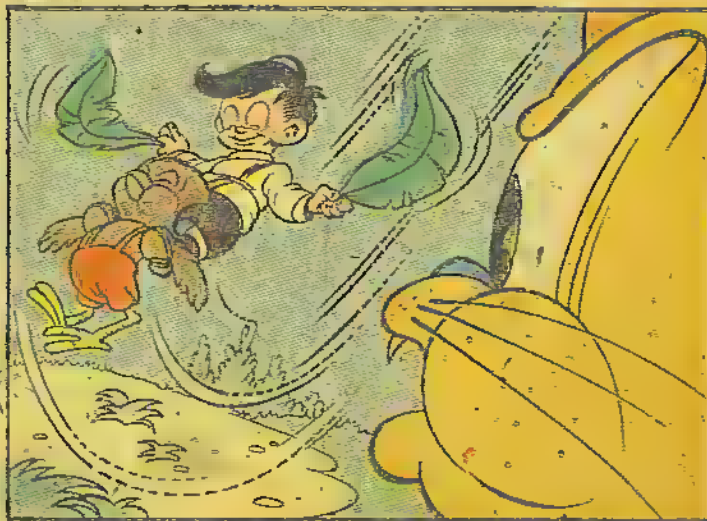


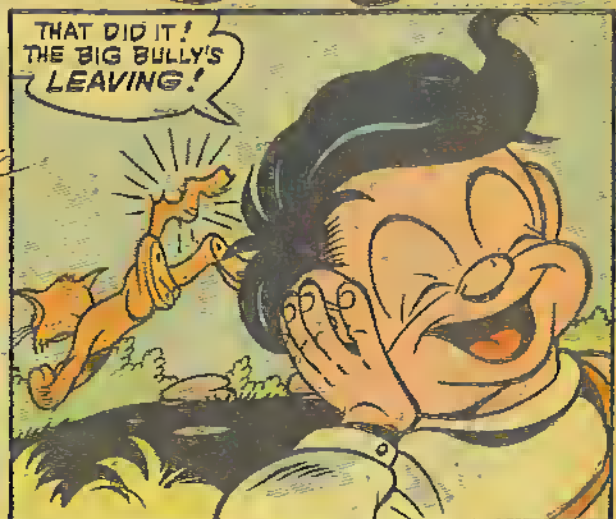
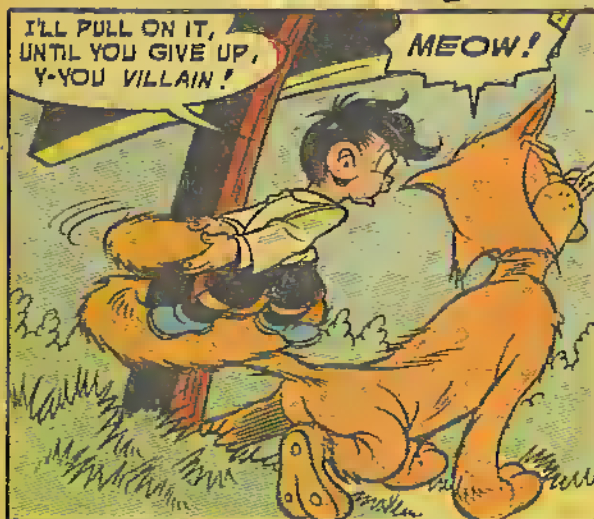
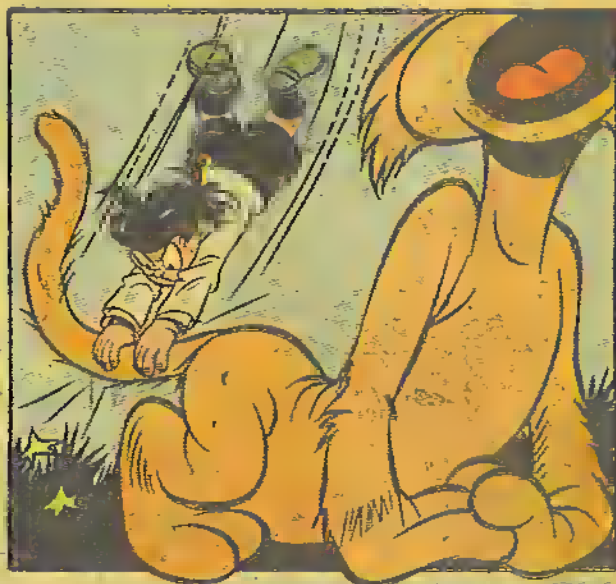
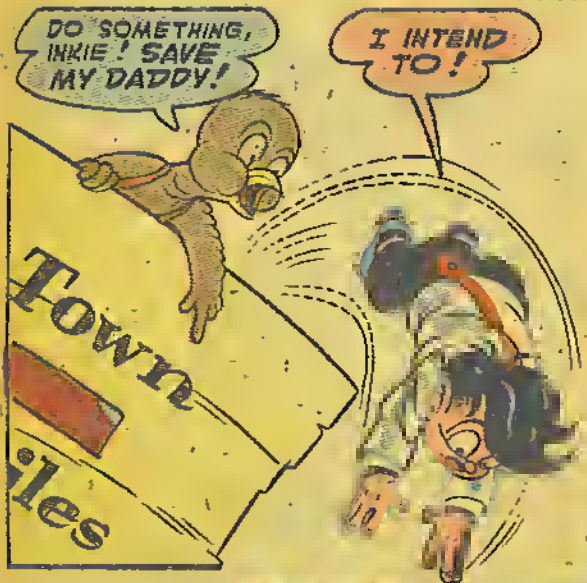
BONG!











BUT WHY
CAN'T I
COME IN
THE STUDIO
AND WATCH
YOU POSE?

Molly the Model

HE SAYS HE'D
MURDER
ANYBODY WHO
TRIES TO SPY
ON HIS POSTER
IDEA!

BECAUSE, DAD,
THIS ARTIST IS
TERRIBLY
TEMPERMENTAL,
AND THE PAINTING
IS FOR A BIG
PRIZE CONTEST!

NOW WAIT
RIGHT HERE AND
DON'T TRY TO SNOOP,
OR I WON'T BE
RESPONSIBLE FOR
WHAT HAPPENS!

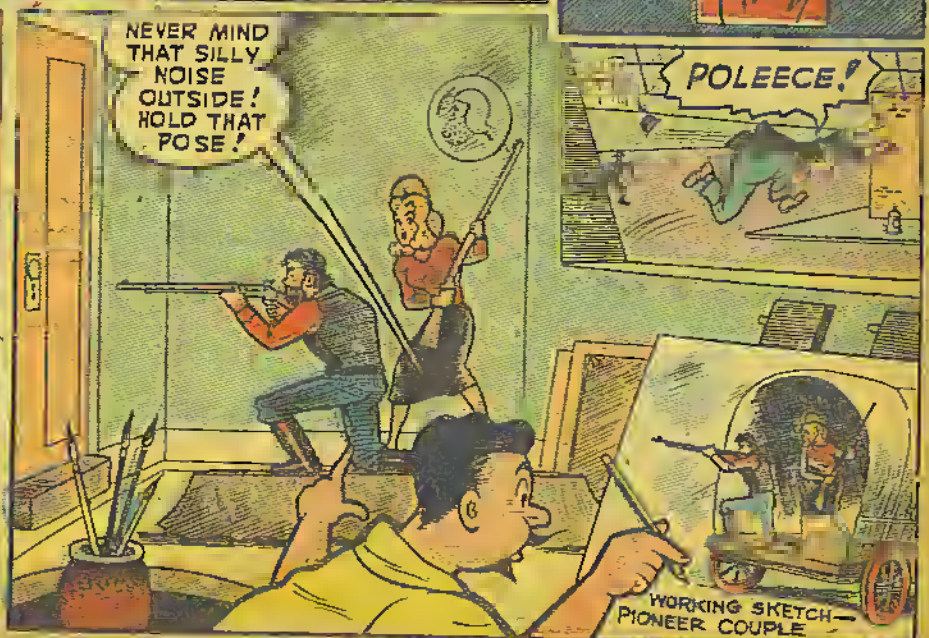


HMPH! SUPPOSE I WAS
TO SNEAK ONE LITTLE
PEEK...

WHAT'D HE
DO, I
WONDER!

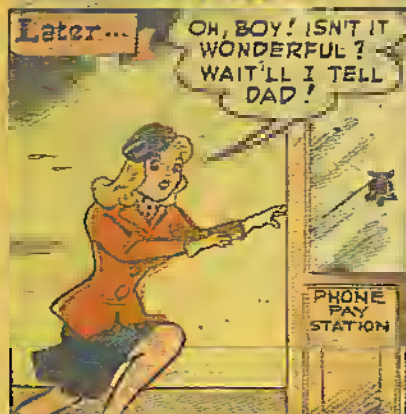
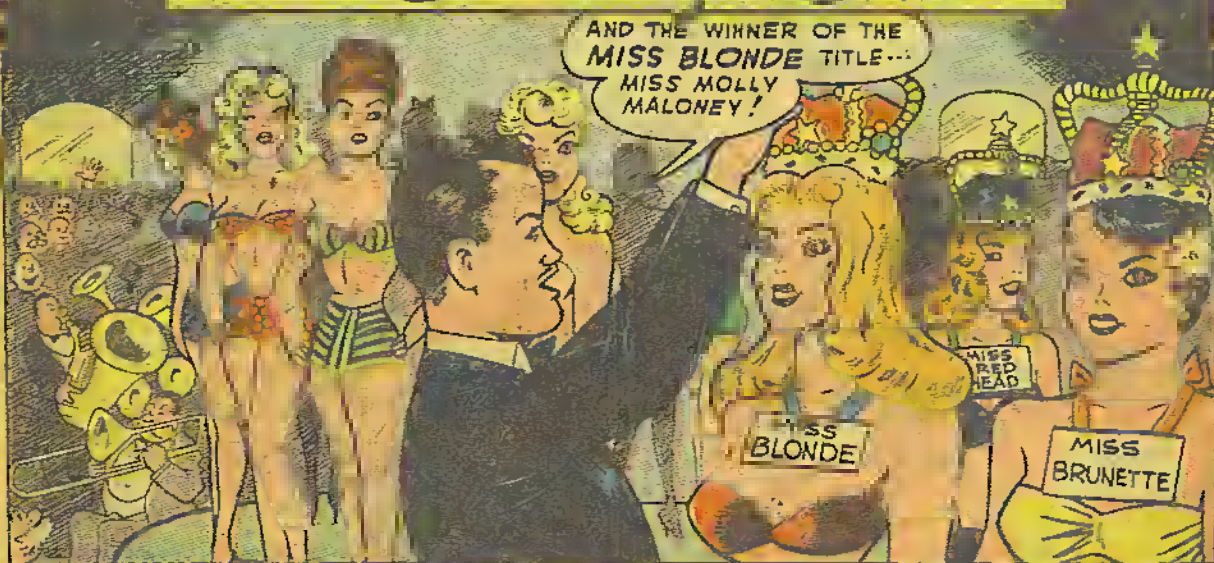


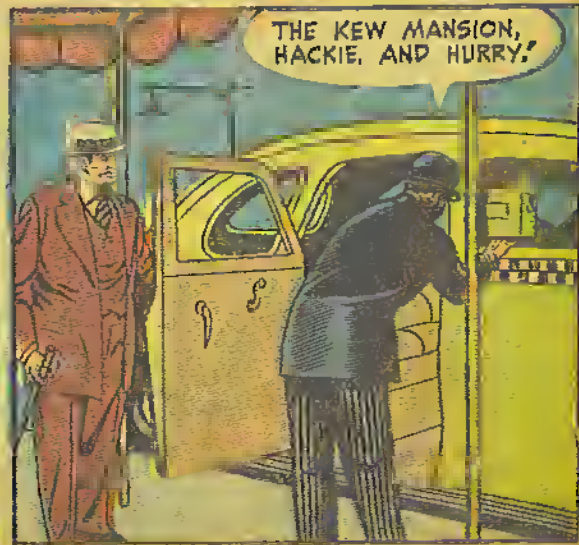
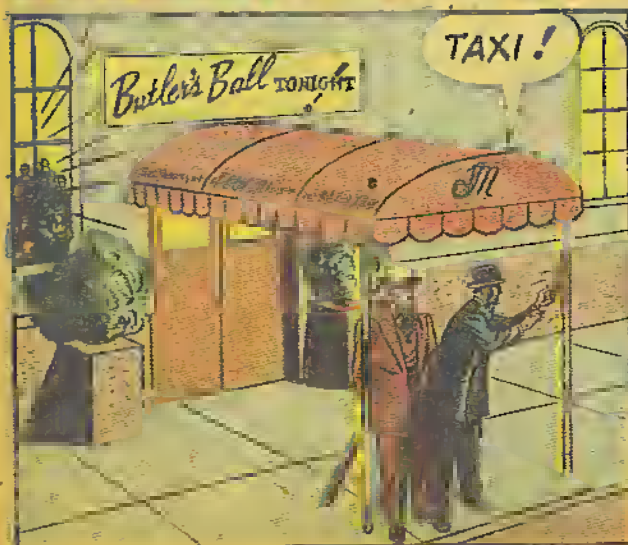
NEVER MIND
THAT SILLY
NOISE
OUTSIDE!
HOLD THAT
POSE!

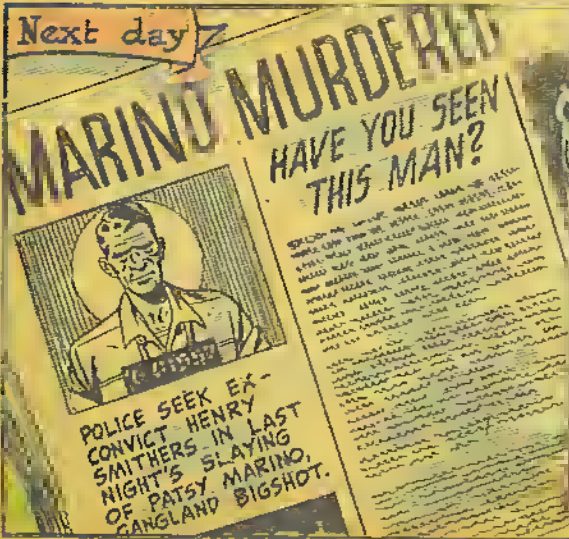
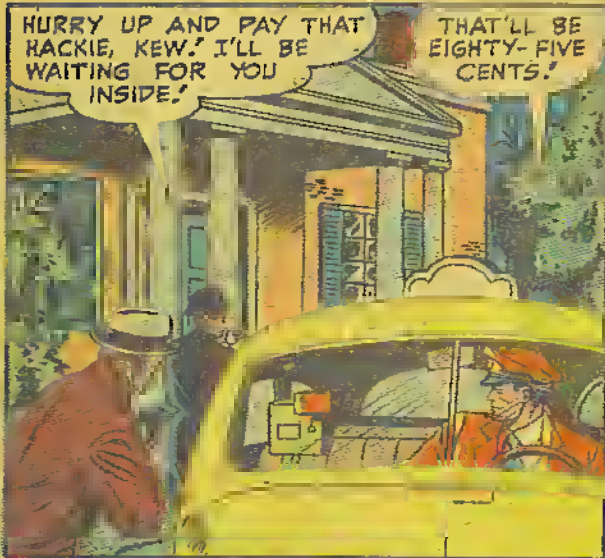
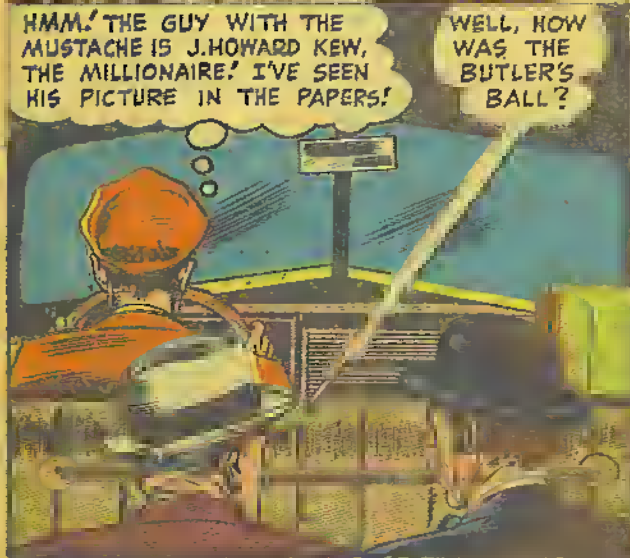


WORKING SKETCH—
PIONEER COUPLE

Molly the Model







YOU'RE SURE IT WAS SMITHERS YOU SAW, O'HARA? KEW IS 'A BIG MAN IN THIS TOWN--I DON'T WANT TO BARGE IN ON HIM ON ANY WILD GOOSE CHASE.'

I'M SURE!



GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN! DO YOU WISH TO SEE MR. KEW? HEY, WHAT TH--?

OKAY, SMITHERS, WE'VE GOT YOU NOW! START TALKING!



YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, INSPECTOR! I DIDN'T COOL OFF MARINO--I'VE BEEN GOING STRAIGHT! JUST BECAUSE MARINO SQUEALEO ON ME YEARS AGO MEANS NOTHING!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT BETWEEN ELEVEN AND TWELVE?



AT THE BUTLER'S BALL! FIFTY PEOPLE CAN SWEAR TO IT!

WELL, THAT'S EASY TO CHECK! YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT!

SEE HERE--



WHAT'S GOING ON IN THIS HOUSE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY BUTLER?

YOUR BUTLER IS AN EX-CONVICT, MR. KEW! RIGHT NOW HE'S UNDER SUSPICION OF MURDER!



I KNOW ALL ABOUT HIS CRIMINAL RECORD! I HIRED HIM SO THAT HE COULD REFORM! HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE COMMITTED ANY MURDER--IT'S RIDICULOUS TO

HEY, INSPECTOR, SMITHERS' STORY HOLDS UP! HE WAS AT THE BALL UNTIL TWELVE-THIRTY! NO CHANCE OF HIS

IF YOU COME AROUND BOTHERING ME OR MY SERVANTS AGAIN, INSPECTOR, I'LL COMPLAIN TO THE COMMISSIONER!

A FINE MARE'S NEST WE WALKED INTO!



THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS CASE. FIRST THE WAY HE BOSSSED KEW AROUND LAST NIGHT--THEN THE WAY KEW STOOD UP FOR SMITHERS TO THE INSPECTOR.



I'M GOING BACK FOR ANOTHER TALK WITH THOSE GENTS. AT LEAST, KEW CAN'T COMPLAIN ABOUT ME TO THE COMMISSIONER.



Meanwhile, inside the Kew mansion--

COME ON, HUSTLE UP THE SERVICE THERE, KEW! AND REMEMBER, I LIKE PLENTY OF ICE IN MY DRINKS!

BLAST YOU! YOU MAY THINK IT'S FUNNY TO HAVE ME WAIT ON YOU LIKE A SERVANT, BUT I DON'T.



YOU SAID THAT AFTER I'D KILLED MARINO FOR YOU THIS BLACKMAIL WOULD STOP. YOU SAID YOU'D TAKE THE MONEY I PROMISED YOU AND GO AWAY!

YEAH, BUT I CHANGED MY MIND. I LIKE HAVING YOU WAIT ON ME, SEE? I GET A KICK OUT OF IT!



AND YOU BETTER DO EVERYTHING I TELL YOU TO! HOW'D YOU LIKE ME TO TURN THOSE PAPERS I'VE GOT OVER TO THE COPS?

WHAT PAPERS, SMITHERS?



I HEARD EVERY WORD YOU TWO SAID. NOW I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU DO A REPEAT PERFORMANCE FOR THE COPS.

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, SNOOPER!



WHO'S GOING TO STOP ME-- YOU?





I OPENED HIS SAFE, ONE NIGHT AND SNITCHED SOME PAPERS -- PAPERS THAT MADE HIM PLAY BALL WITH ME.

I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE PAPERS -- AFTER WE GET KEW UP- STAIRS AND PHONE THE COPS.

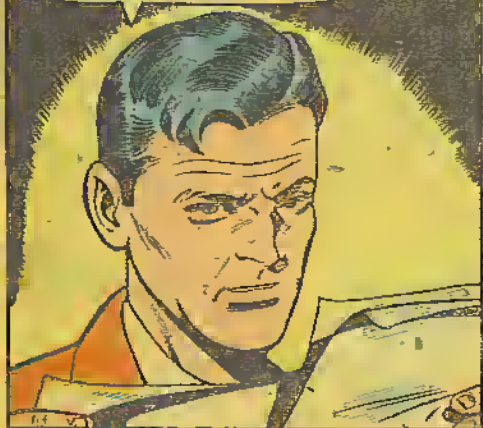


HERE ARE THE PAPERS!

GIVE! I WANT TO SEE WHAT COULD MAKE A MAN MURDER ON THE ORDERS OF A RAT LIKE YOU!



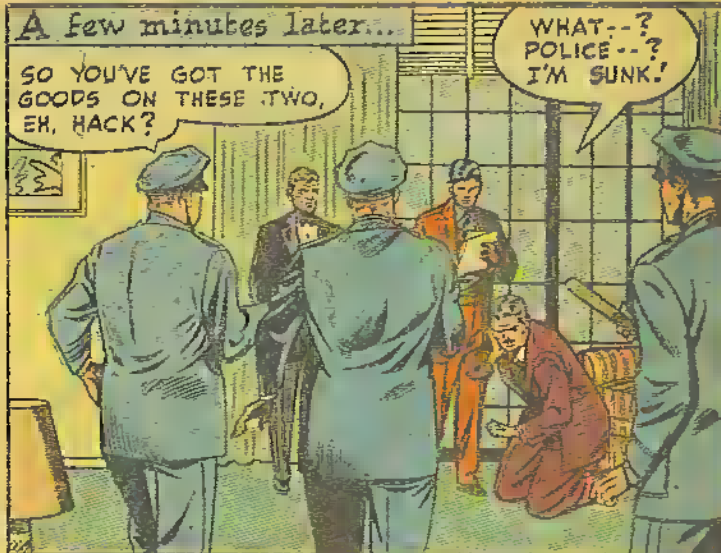
WHY, THESE DOCUMENTS SHOW THAT THE **REAL** J. HOWARD KEW DIED TWENTY YEARS AGO! THIS GUY IS AN IMPOSTOR!



A few minutes later...

SO YOU'VE GOT THE GOODS ON THESE TWO, EH, HACK?

WHAT -- ? POLICE -- ? I'M SUNK!



YES, I KILLED MARINO! I HAD TO! SMITHERS WOULD HAVE EXPOSED ME WITH THOSE DOCUMENTS! I'D HAVE BEEN RUINED -- SENT TO PRISON!

SAVE THOSE CROCODILE TEARS, KEW!



PRISON IS WHERE YOU AND SMITHERS ARE GOING RIGHT NOW -- WHILE YOU WAIT FOR A DATE WITH THE CHAIR!



Daily ★ Star
MYSTERIOUS FIRE
DESTROYS RADIO
STUDIO!

EVENING HERALD
ROY PLATTER, NETWORK
DISC JOCKEY, INJURED!

Daily ~~the~~ Crier
FIRE RAZES STUDIO IN
MIDST OF PROGRAM!

Daily ★ Ra



YEAH, I SEE THE HEADLINES!
BUT I DON'T GET THE
CONNECTION,
PEN!

HERE, TAKE A LOOK AT MY
STRIP FOR TOMORROW'S
BLUE STREAK EDITION...
IT TIES IN PERFECTLY
WITH THE STUDIO
FIRE!

HAVE YOU GONE
CRAZY, MILLER?
WE CAN'T PRINT THAT!
THEY'LL SUE US FOR
EVERY CENT WE'VE
GOT! THIS IS
DYNAMITE!

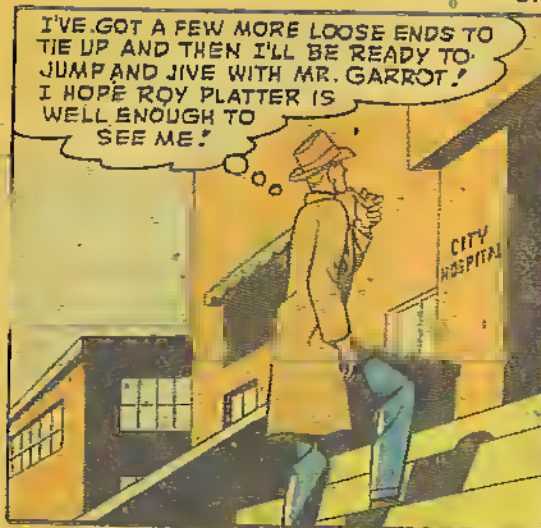
DYNAMITE ISN'T
THE WORD FOR IT,
CHIEF! IF MY HUNCH
IS RIGHT, THE MANU-
FACTURERS OF WHIRL-
POOL RECORDS ARE
HEADED FOR A
SLEIGH-RIDE!

YOU OUGHT TO READ THE
FINANCIAL SECTIONS,
CHIEF! BUGS GARROT'S
MOB HAS QUIETLY BOUGHT
UP ALL THE WHIRLPOOL
STOCK AND IT'S MY GUESS
THEY'RE BEHIND THIS
LITTLE HEAT

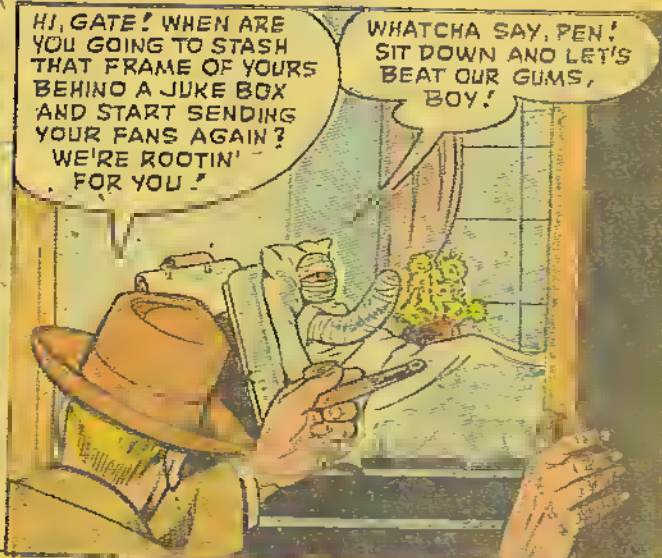
WAVE.

YOUR HUNCH
BETTER BE
RIGHT, MILLER!
MY BLOOD
PRESSURE
COULDN'T TAKE
A LIBEL SHELLACK-
ING RIGHT NOW!
I'M TOO OLD...
MUCH TOO OLD!



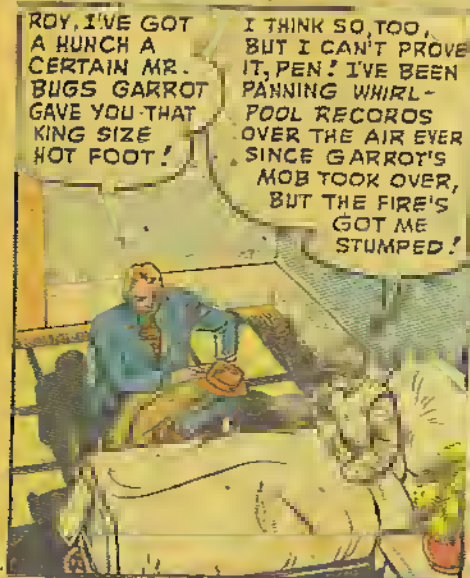


I'VE GOT A FEW MORE LOOSE ENDS TO TIE UP AND THEN I'LL BE READY TO JUMP AND JIVE WITH MR. GARROT! I HOPE ROY PLATTER IS WELL ENOUGH TO SEE ME!



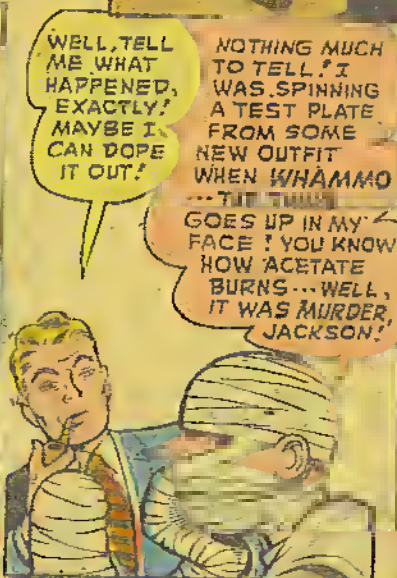
HI, GATE! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO STASH THAT FRAME OF YOURS BEHIND A JUKE BOX AND START SENDING YOUR FANS AGAIN? WE'RE ROOTIN' FOR YOU!

WHATCHA SAY, PEN! SIT DOWN AND LET'S BEAT OUR GUMS, BOY!



ROY, I'VE GOT A HUNCH A CERTAIN MR. BUGS GARROT GAVE YOU THAT KING SIZE HOT FOOT!

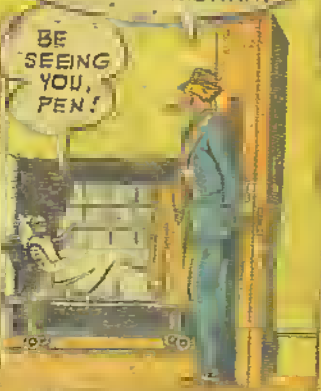
I THINK SO, TOO, BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT, PEN! I'VE BEEN PANNING WHIRLPOOL RECORDS OVER THE AIR EVER SINCE GARROT'S MOB TOOK OVER, BUT THE FIRE'S GOT ME STUMPED!



WELL, TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED, EXACTLY! MAYBE I CAN DOPE IT OUT!

NOTHING MUCH TO TELL. I WAS SPINNING A TEST PLATE FROM SOME NEW OUTFIT WHEN WHAMMO -- THE THING GOES UP IN MY FACE! YOU KNOW HOW ACETATE BURNS... WELL, IT WAS MURDER, JACKSON!

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, ROY! MY STRIP'S READY TO GO TO PRESS AND BUGS GARROT IS LEAD MAN IN IT! IF I'M WRONG... I'LL SEE YOU IN GLOCCA MORRA!

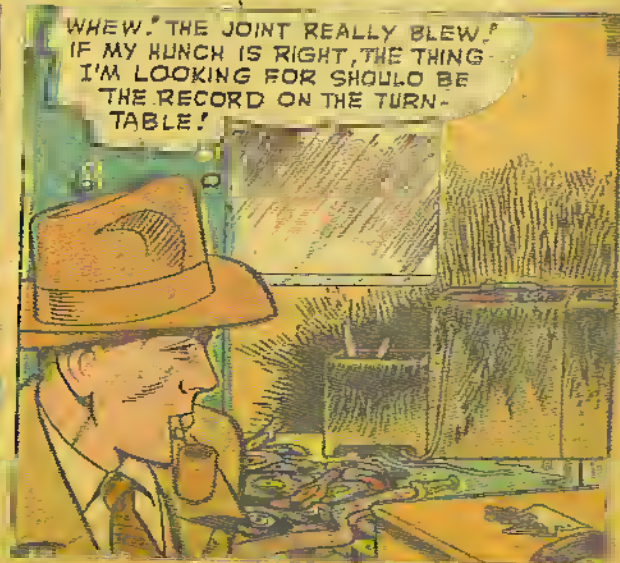


BE SEEING YOU, PEN!



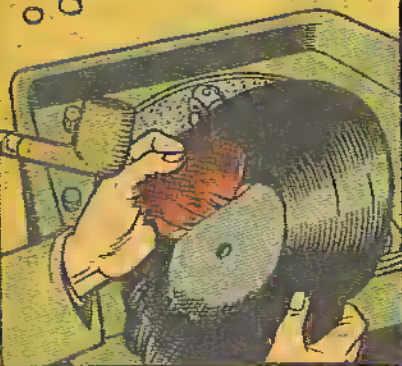
HI, HARRIGAN! IS THE JOINT COOL ENOUGH FOR ME TO LOOK AROUND A BIT?

ARE YOU KIDDIN'? THAT JOINT HAD TO GO UP SOONER OR LATER WITH THE HOT STUFF ROY PLATTER HANDS OUT? YEAH. G'WAN IN, PEN!



WHEW! THE JOINT REALLY BLEW! IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THE THING I'M LOOKING FOR SHOULD BE THE RECORD ON THE TURN-TABLE!

THIS MUST BE THE RECORDING WHICH ROY WAS PLAYING WHEN THE STUDIO WENT UP IN SMOKE! MR. GARROT, THERE'S A NOOSE TIGHTENING AROUND YOUR NECK!



GARROT MUST HAVE BEEN PLENTY MAD WHEN ROY STARTED TELLING HIS THOUSANDS OF FANS TO GIVE WHIRLPOOL RECORDS THE BRUSH-OFF!

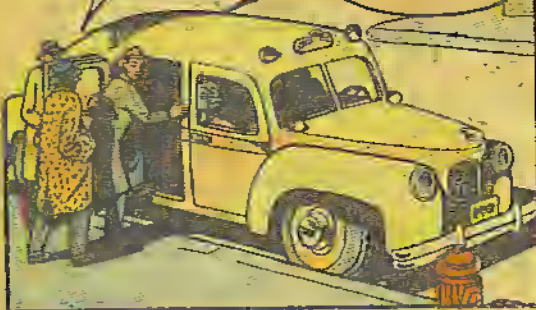


OKAY, SNOOPER! KEEP WALKING AND ACT NATURAL! THERE'S A'NOSEY LITTLE .45 LOOKING FOR A SOFT SPOT IN YER RIBS!



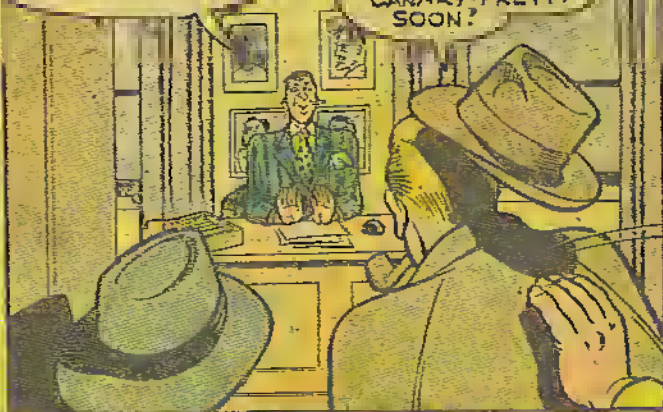
CLIMB IN, HAWKSHAW! WE'RE GOIN' TO A LITTLE JAM SESSION! LOTS OF GOOD MUSIC --- BUT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO HEAR IT!

JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES, EH? OKAY, GIVE ME AN INTRO TO YOUR BOSS, GARROT, AND LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!



EASY, BOYS! I DON'T WANT MR. MILLER TO LOSE HIS VOICE YET! WHO KNOWS? MAYBE HE'LL SING FOR US!

YOU'RE ALL WET, GARROT! YOU'LL BE SINGING BEFORE I WILL! THE COPS WILL HAVE YOU CHIRPING LIKE A CANARY PRETTY SOON!



YOU WON'T NEED THIS ANYMORE, MILLER! I SENT AN ALBUM OF RECORDS JUST LIKE IT TO YOUR HOUSE TODAY! TOO BAD MY BOYS PICKED YOU UP BEFORE YOU COULD HEAR THEM!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, GARROT! THE JURY WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THEM!



THE JURY ISN'T GOING TO HEAR ANYTHING, MILLER! TOMORROW'S HEADLINES ARE GONNA READ PEN MILLER BURNS TO DEATH WHILE RECORD PLAYS LATEST HIT!

UGH! DO I HAVE TO DIE LISTENING TO A WHIRLPOOL RECORD?



TRY THIS NOTE
ON YOUR TIN
EAR, GARROT!

NAIL HIM, LARRY!
THE MUGG'S MAKIN'
A BREAK!



DON'T DUCK,
FELLOWS! I JUST
WANT TO LET IN
SOME FRESH
AIR!

TOSS THAT WEIGHT
IN THE STREET
AND WE'LL TOSS
YOU RIGHT AFTER
IT, MILLER!



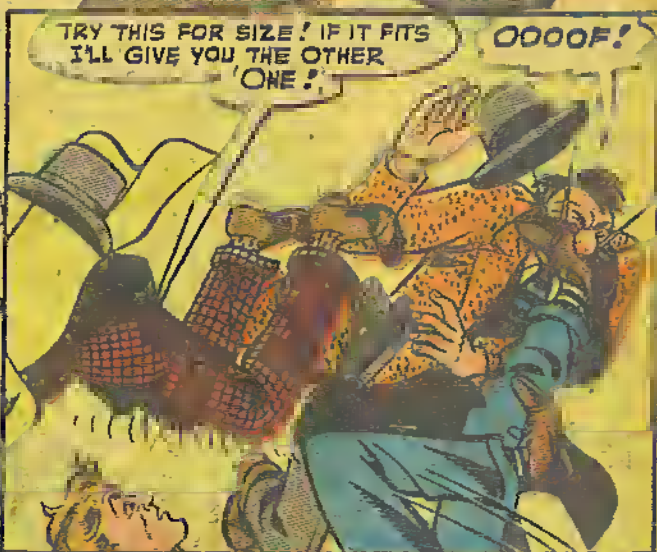
PIN HIM DOWN
AND BURY A GUN
BUTT IN HIS HEAD,
LOUIE!

GENTLEMEN!
GENTLEMEN!
REMEMBER
THE RULES!



TRY THIS FOR SIZE! IF IT FITS
I'LL GIVE YOU THE OTHER
'ONE!'

OOOOOF!



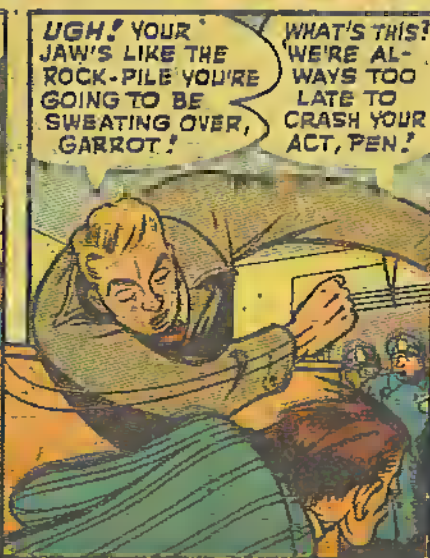
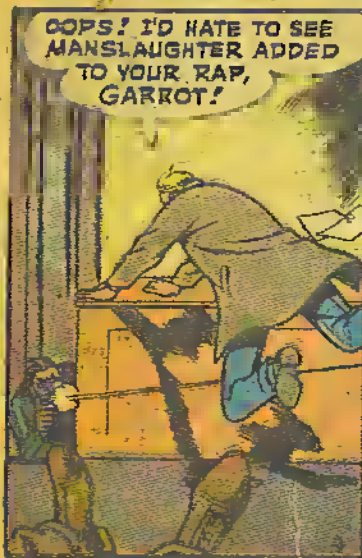
COOPS! I'D HATE TO SEE
MANSLAUGHTER ADDED
TO YOUR RAP,
GARROT!

UGH! YOUR
JAW'S LIKE THE
ROCK-PILE YOU'RE
GOING TO BE
SWEATING OVER,
GARROT!

WHAT'S THIS?
WE'RE AL-
WAYS TOO
LATE TO
CRASH YOUR
ACT, PEN!

LOCK EM UP ON ATTEMPTED
MANSLAUGHTER AND ARSON,
BOYS! I'LL CINCH THE REST
AT HEADQUARTERS
LATER!

YEAH, AND
WE'LL ADD
RESISTING AN
OFFICER TO THE
LIST! C'MON,
START RESISTING,
RATS!





GARROT WASN'T KIDDING ABOUT SENDING THOSE RECORDINGS! I'D BETTER GET UPSTAIRS BEFORE CHOP GETS CURIOUS AND TRIES TO PLAY THEM!



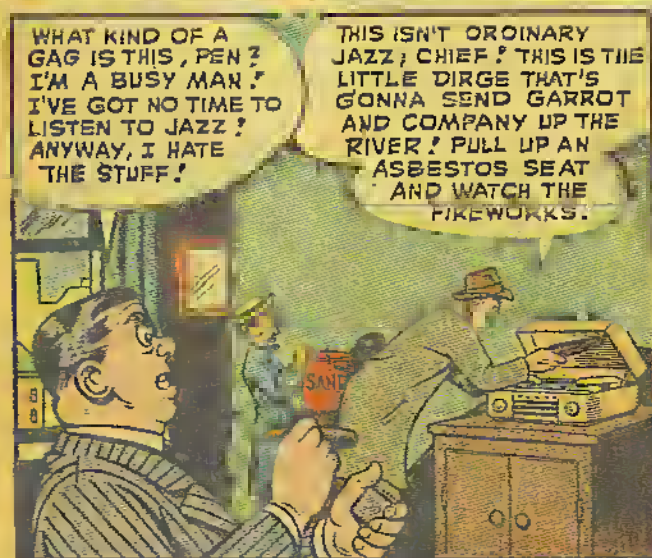
OHO, SOLID IN GLOOVE!

YEEOW! TURN THAT THING OFF, CHOP...IT'S MURDER!



WHASSA MATTER, MIST' MILLER? YOU SPOIL HOT JAM SESSION... ME JUST GET IN GLOVE AND START CUTTING LUG!

OH, YEAH? ANOTHER SECOND AND YOU'O BE CUTTING A RUG WITH AN ANGEL! GET DRESSED AND C'MON DOWN TO THE OFFICE WITH ME!



WHAT KIND OF A GAG IS THIS, PEN? I'M A BUSY MAN! I'VE GOT NO TIME TO LISTEN TO JAZZ! ANYWAY, I HATE THE STUFF!

THIS ISN'T ORINARY JAZZ, CHIEF! THIS IS THE LITTLE DIRGE THAT'S GONNA SEND GARROT AND COMPANY UP THE RIVER! PULL UP AN ASBESTOS SEAT AND WATCH THE FIREWORKS.



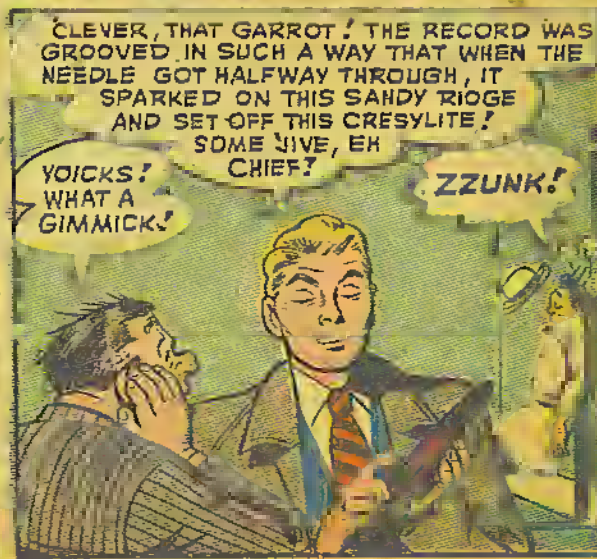
MILLER, SOMETHING BETTER HAPPEN PRETTY QUICK WITH THAT RECORD OR IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU!

PATIENCE, CHIEFY, PATIENCE!



RIGHT ON SCHEDULE AND TWICE AS HOT!

YEEOW!



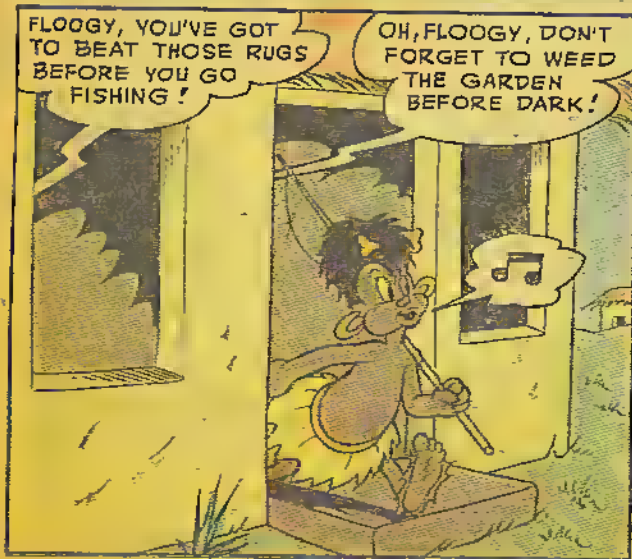
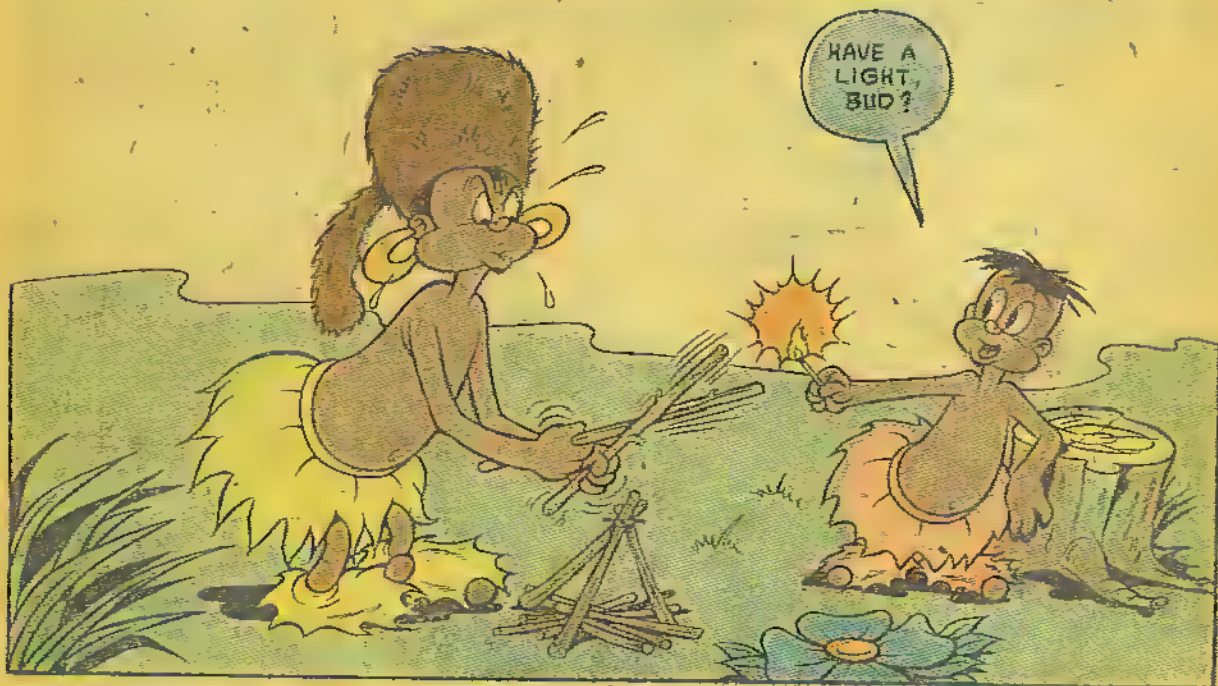
CLEVER, THAT GARROT! THE RECORD WAS GROOVED IN SUCH A WAY THAT WHEN THE NEEDLE GOT HALFWAY THROUGH, IT SPARKED ON THIS SANDY RIGGE AND SET OFF THIS CRESYLITE!

SOME JIVE, EH CHIEF?

VOICKS? WHAT A GIMMICK!

ZZUNK!

FLOOOGY

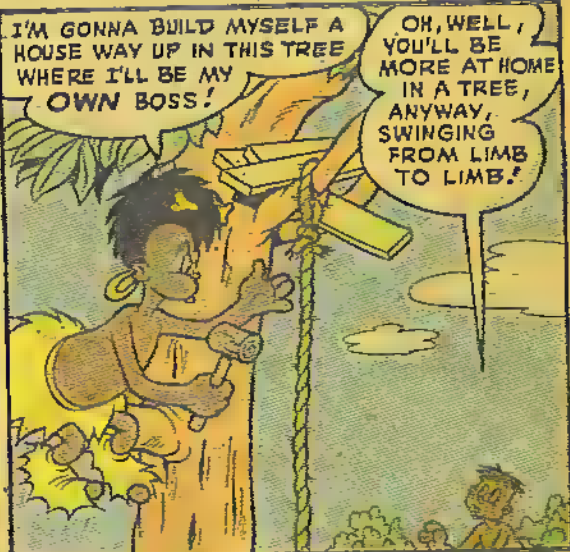
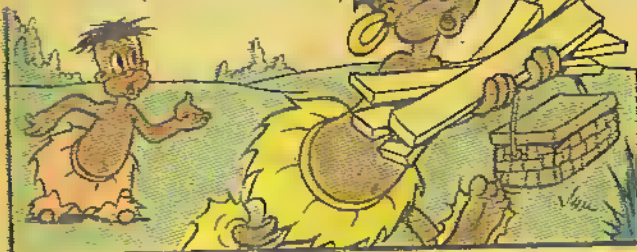


HEY, WHAT'S ALL THAT JUNK FOR, FLOOGY?

IT'S **NOT** JUNK, AND DON'T BE SO NOSY. BESIDES, I'M LOOKING FOR A LITTLE INDEPENDENCE... I'M SICK OF ALL THOSE HOUSEHOLD CHORES!

I'M GONNA BUILD MYSELF A HOUSE WAY UP IN THIS TREE WHERE I'LL BE MY **OWN BOSS!**

OH, WELL, YOU'LL BE MORE AT HOME IN A TREE, ANYWAY, SWINGING FROM LIMB TO LIMB!



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD SOLID FOUNDATION!

YEAH, ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S SUCH A BIG CELLAR UNDER THE FLOOR!



AREN'T YOU GONNA PUT SOME WALLS AROUND THIS THING TO KEEP OUT THE BOGEY-MAN?

DON'T BE SILLY! I'M NOT A SCAREY LIKE YOU!

SO HE'S NOT A SCAREY, EH? I HATE TO HEAR HIM BRAG, IT ALWAYS GIVES ME SUCH BAD IDEAS!



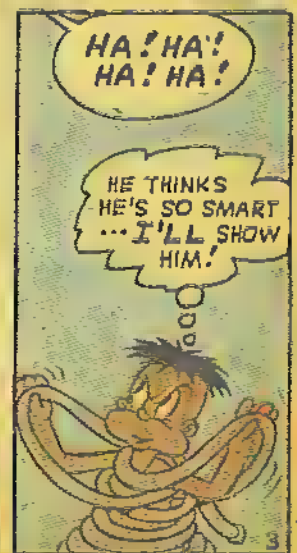
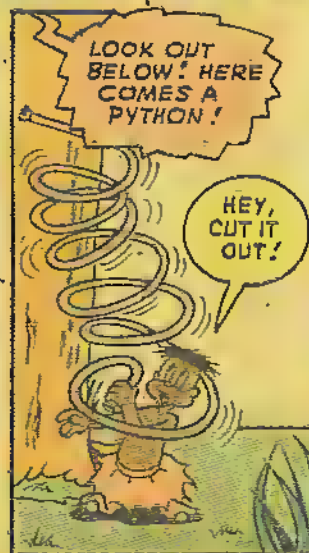
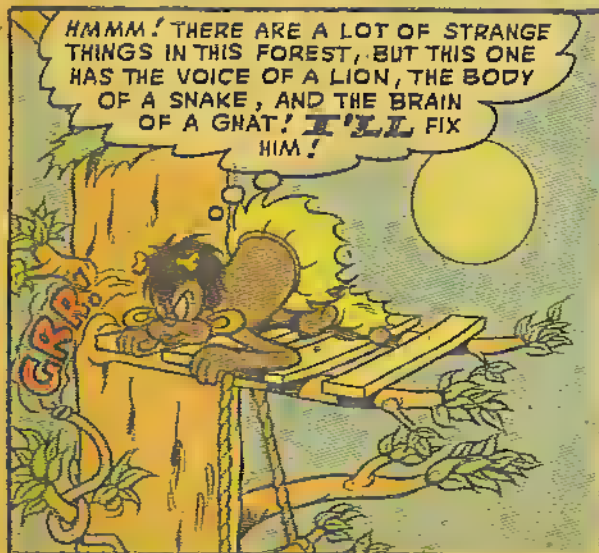
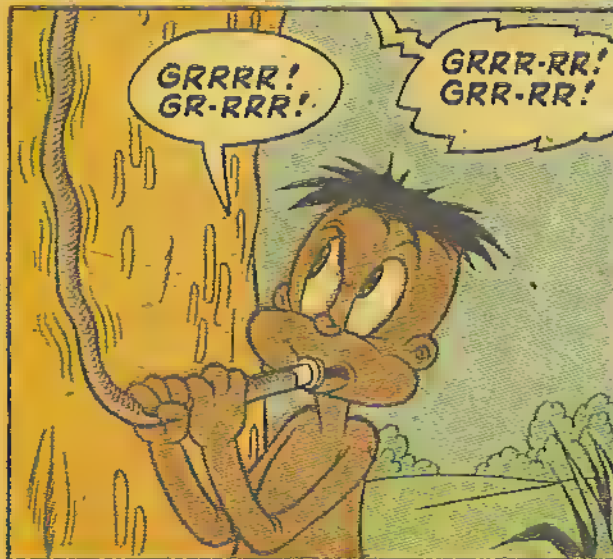
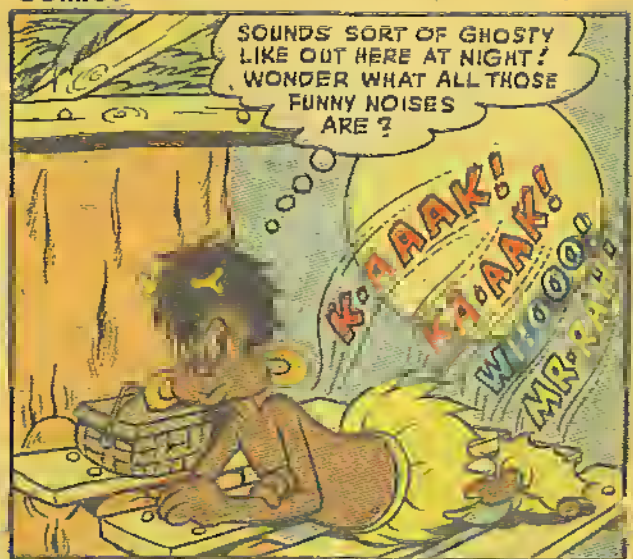
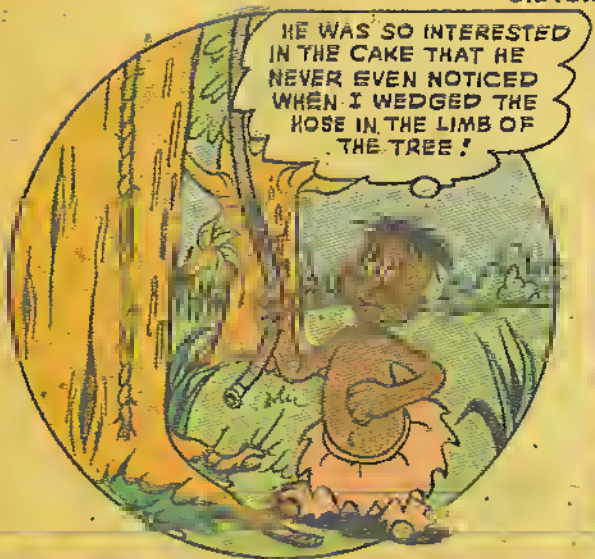
WELL, SO LONG FOR NOW, FLOOGY! IT'S TIME FOR ME TO BE GETTING HOME FOR A NICE, HOT MEAL OF CHICKEN AND DUMPLINGS!

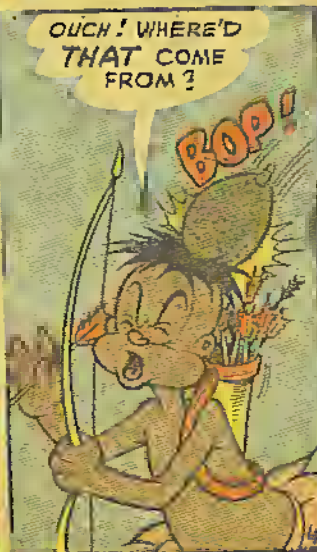
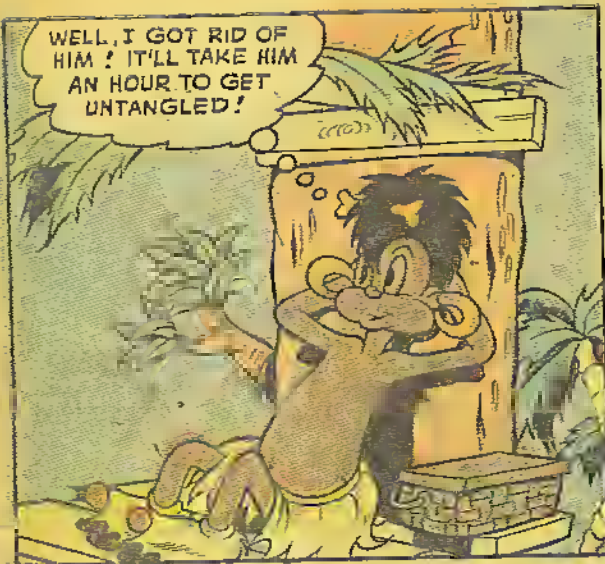
A few minutes of peace and quiet, then...

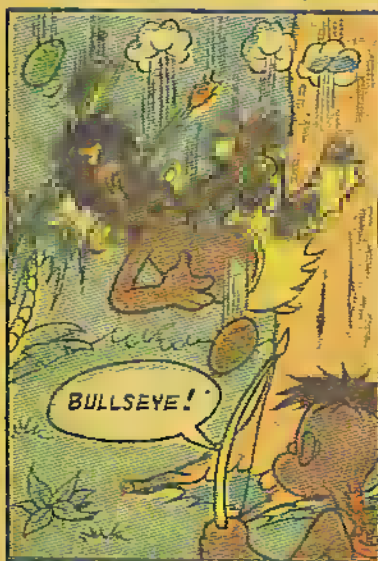
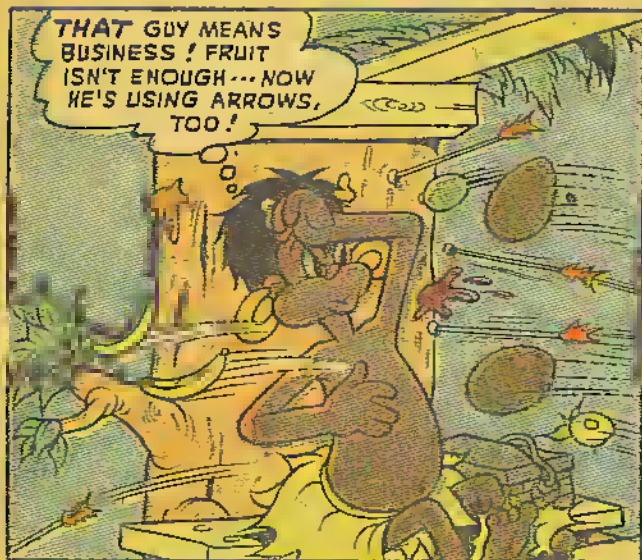
HERE'S A PARACHUTE, IN CASE YOU HAVE TO LAM OUT OF THIS SKYSCRAPER IN A HURRY! AND MOM SENT YOU SOME DESERT!

WELL, I'LL TAKE THE CAKE, BUT YOU CAN SAIL YOURSELF RIGHT OUT OF HERE WITH THAT PARACHUTE!









North Woods Interlude

THE canoe was heavily loaded. Lance Galant sat in the stern with the steering paddle. Kim Meredith was in the middle, and Biff crouched in the bow, ready for the sharp rocks that struck their noses out of the white water.

The three had not spoken for the past half hour, each being too busy negotiating the rapids that broke the smoothness of the river every few miles.

On both sides of the river were giant pines and tamaracks, the trees of the north country.

"How far yet?" Kim asked.

"Couple of miles," Lance replied.

"Boy," muttered Biff, "that old cabin'll look mighty good to me. I was never cut out for camping in the wilds. Give me a soft bed any day!"

Lance chuckled. "You're a lazy good-for-nothing, Biff. Easy life has put too much padding on those creaking bones of yours."

Kim grinned. "I think Biff's right, Lance. And you can't say I have too much padding—my old bones cut right through those blankets."

"Birds of a feather," chortled Lance.

They paddled for another few minutes.

Z-z-z-z-z-z!

"What was that, a bee?" called Kim.

The zipping sound ended with a splash on the far side of their canoe. A length of stick with feathers at one end floated in the water, then was whirled away by an eddy.

"Arrow!" exclaimed Lance. "And it was fired at us! . . . Duck, there comes another!"

All three flattened low in the canoe. A second arrow flitted over them, not ten inches above the boat's gunwales.

"Say," said Biff, "who the heck's giving us the Injun business?"

Lance lifted his head and raked the shore with a keen glance. "Don't see anyone."

"Are there Indians up here?" cried Kim.

"I don't like this very much."

"There are Indians here, all right," Lance replied; "but I never knew them to pull any such stuff. Bend your paddles, and let's get out of here."

They dug deep and the canoe shot through the water. Then they were around a turn and Lance pointed.

"The cabin," he said.

It stood a few feet back from the edge of the water, a small, log affair with shake roof and a mud-and-stick chimney.

"Not much," said Lance, "but there's an air about that cabin."

They drew into shore and leaped out, drawing the boat well up on the sand. They all three stalked to the door of the cabin.

As soon as Lance pushed it open, he knew someone had been there recently. Things looked different.

"Mebbe some trapper has used it," he said, after he told them that the cabin had been occupied. "Which is all right in this country. I hope he left some canned stuff." He went to the small closed cupboard and opened the door. The shelves were piled with tinned foods.

"Hm," said Lance. "I'll say someone's living here! There's twice as much food as I left last time."

Kim said, "Well, I'm going to get dinner anyway. I'm starved."

She set to work opening tins, while Biff went outside to cut wood for the fire. Lance scratched his head as he wandered about the interior.

"I wonder who it can be?"

"Who?" said Kim as she stirred biscuit batter.

"Whoever's been living here?"

Biff came in with an armful of wood and dumped it down near the fireplace. "Guess I'll try and hook a few trout," he said, going outside again.

They ate dinner and, being tired with the long day, bunked down early. There was a curtained portion in the cabin that made Kim a private room.

Lance fell asleep instantly. Then at just past midnight he awakened suddenly. He remembered hearing nothing, but he knew some sound had broken through his deep slumber. He got out of bed and slipped into a robe and moccasins.

A pale moon was shining. The night was utterly silent except for occasional twitterings of roosting birds and the stealthy footfall of small animals in the woods.

A twig snapped behind Lance, and he whirled.

He heard the twang of a bowstring, and an arrow zipped into the tree trunk near him. It quivered in the bark. Then Lance saw the note tied to its notched end. He drew the arrow out and tore the note loose.

LEAVE AT ONCE (the note read) OR DIE

"Hm," said Lance. "So that's the way it is. Indians my eye! White men are giving us this business. Who?"

He looked around. There was no one in sight. No sound. He shrugged and went back into the cabin. The others were still sleeping. Lance went slowly to bed again, and was soon asleep.

He rose before Kim and Biff and was out in the morning sunlight just after dawn. The air was cool and crisp. He glanced up-stream and saw the flash and sparkle of metal just above the water. He looked harder.

"Someone's panning gold in the river," he said to himself. "I guess they're the ones who want us out of here."

Biff came out of the cabin, and Lance pointed out the two miners.

"Hi!" yelled Biff, and waved an arm. The two men upriver leaped for shore and disappeared into the bushes.

"Say, what is this?" Biff said. "What's wrong with them hombres?"

"I think they've found gold," said Lance, "and don't want anyone around. Come on, let's take a stroll up that way."

They had barely reached the place in the stream where the men had been washing gold, when two masked men stepped out from behind the bushes with revolvers aimed.

"All right, you guys, hold it," said one.

"What's up?" asked Lance.

"You'll see, bozo," the masked gent said.

Two more men appeared with ropes. In a few seconds Lance and Biff were tightly bound. Then the speaker said, "Take 'em to the shack, boys, while we go get the dame."

As Lance and Biff were being forced along a rough trail, Lance said, "If you fellows are panning gold, don't worry about us. We're up here for a bit of camping. What are you going to do with the girl?"

"Leave that to us, bub . . . what we mean to do with the gal—an' you guys, too—we don't rightly know at this moment." He said nothing about the gold.

Soon, Lance and Biff were heaved into the corner of a dark shack, and their legs were tied.

A few minutes later Kim was pushed through the low door and tied up in a rickety chair. She was fuming with anger.

"Who do they think they are?" she snapped.

"Wait 'til I get loose, I'll show 'em!"

"Take it easy, Kim," cautioned Lance. "I'll have you out in a jiff. We'll find out what goes on here."

Toward dark, one of the masked men came to the shack and poked his head inside. "We found gold here, if you want to know. And we've decided what to do with you. We don't want this gold discovered by outsiders. So we're goin' to fix you muggs so's you can't broadcast. Them ropes on you are rawhide, soaked in water. They won't burn."

With that he was gone. And a moment later they heard the snap and crackle of flames.

"Why, the fools are goin' to burn us up!" cried Biff. He strained at his ropes. "They've set fire to the shack!"

"Easy," whispered Lance. "You know my secret." His secret was the fact that he could become, at will, a strange and powerful personage. By rubbing a birthmark on his left wrist, the spirit of his dead brother, Michael, would enter his body, and together they became the invincible figure of Captain Triumph.

Lance did this now. His thongs fell away and he stood up. Quickly he loosed the other two. The flames were roaring up around the dry shack now.

"Come on, we must get out of here," said Captain Triumph. "Better wait till I see if the coast's clear."

He stepped outside. Instantly there were yells as the men, sitting around a small campfire, saw him. But Captain Triumph didn't wait. Shouting to Biff and Kim to come out, he launched himself at the group. In a moment he had knocked them all out without a shot being fired. Then he and Biff tied them up and tossed them in a pile near the burning shack.

"So they resort to crime to keep the secret of their gold find," said Capt. Triumph softly. "And crime's the very thing I've sworn to banish. . . Biff, you take the canoe and paddle down to Hanford; it's only about ten miles. Bring up a couple of Mounted Policemen."

"Okay, pal." Biff hurried off toward the canoe.

"We'll just wait, Kim," said the figure who had magically become Lance Gallant again. "This won't interrupt our little camping trip so much."

Kim smiled, knowing Lance was right.

Kiki Kelly

HOW FORTUNATE. FINDING THIS PIECE OF CLOTH RIGHT ON KIKI'S DRESSER!

DEAR, YOU DON'T HAVE TO SEND YOUR PANTS TO THE TAILOR! I FOUND A PIECE TO ALMOST MATCH THE BURNED PART!

GOOD!

Later...

AND IN A MINUTE, KIDS, YOU'LL SEE IT WITH YOUR VERY OWN EYES!

OH, BOY!

GONE! AND I LEFT IT RIGHT HERE!

YOU MEAN THAT ODD PIECE OF CLOTH? WHY, I SEWED IT ON YOUR DAD'S TROUSERS!

WAS IT SO VERY IMPORTANT?

IMPORTANT, SHE SAYS! IT WAS PRACTICALLY SACRED!

IT WAS NO LESS THAN A PIECE OF THE COAT TAIL OF GREG VAN MADISON, THE MOVIE STAR! THAT'S WHAT!

GREG VAN MADISON! GOOD GRACIOUS!

YOU MEAN YOU ACTUALLY SEWED THAT PRECIOUS PIECE OF CLOTH ON DAD'S PANTS? WHERE ARE THE PANTS?

ON YOUR FATHER! HE'S OUT IN THE GARDEN!

HIS OWN! HIS VERY, VERY OWN!

OH, THE THRILL OF SEEING THE ACTUAL PIECE OF CLOTH!

PLEASE, DAD, STAY BENT OVER A LITTLE LONGER! THIS IS A VERY VITAL MOMENT!

WHAT IN THE?

LET ME LOOK!

BEEZY

VERY WELL, THEN, I'LL JUST HAVE TO TRUST YOUR **FATHER** TO GO PAY THIS **LIGHT BILL**!

AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? DO YOU EXPECT ME TO TAKE THIS EIGHTEEN BUCKS AND ELOPE TO BONGO BONGO WITH A COUPLA CHORUS GIRLS ON A MINUTE'S NOTICE?

I'M SURE YOU CAN TRUST PA, MOM.... HE'S BEEN A PRETTY SOLID CHARACTER LATELY!

BUT, MOM, I GOTTA STICK AROUND FOR A PHONE CALL FROM CYLINDA!

AND I'M LATE NOW FOR MY DATE WITH DRUISENBERY!

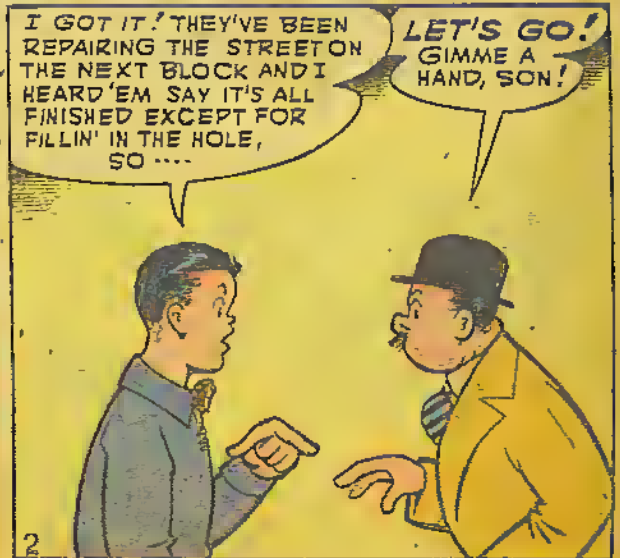
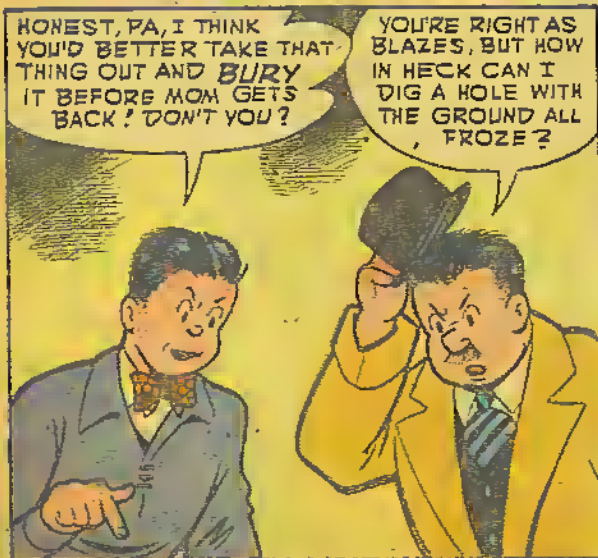
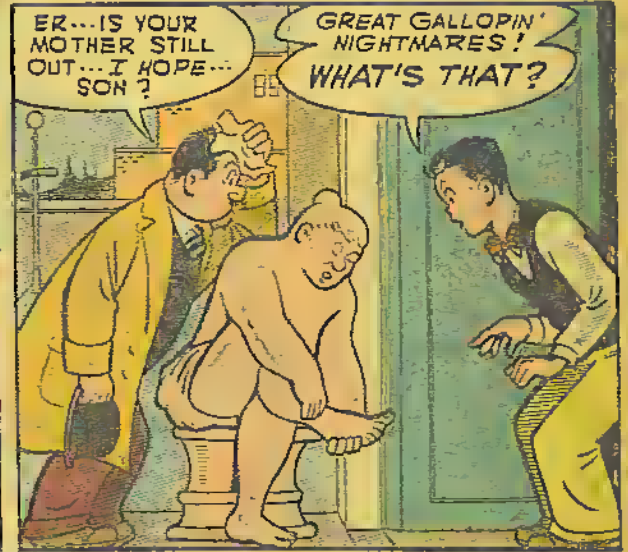
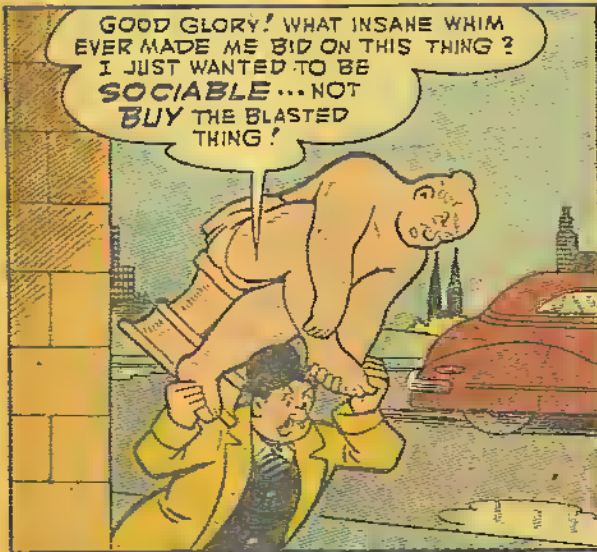
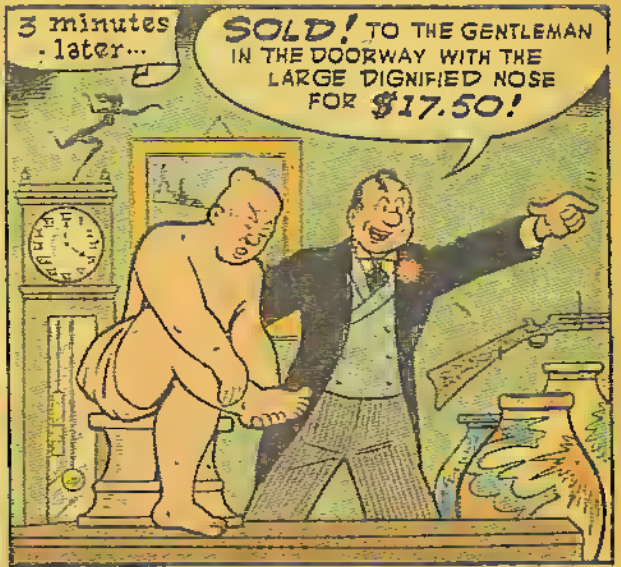
MAYBE... BUT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THE TIME HE BOUGHT **FROGS** WITH THE RENT 'MONEY'!

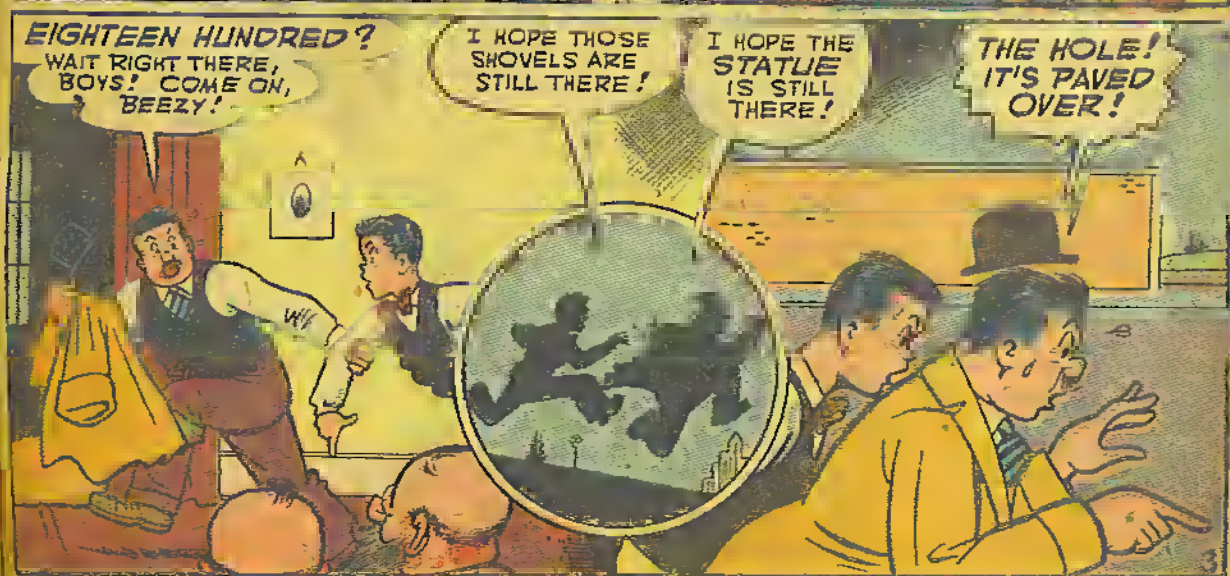
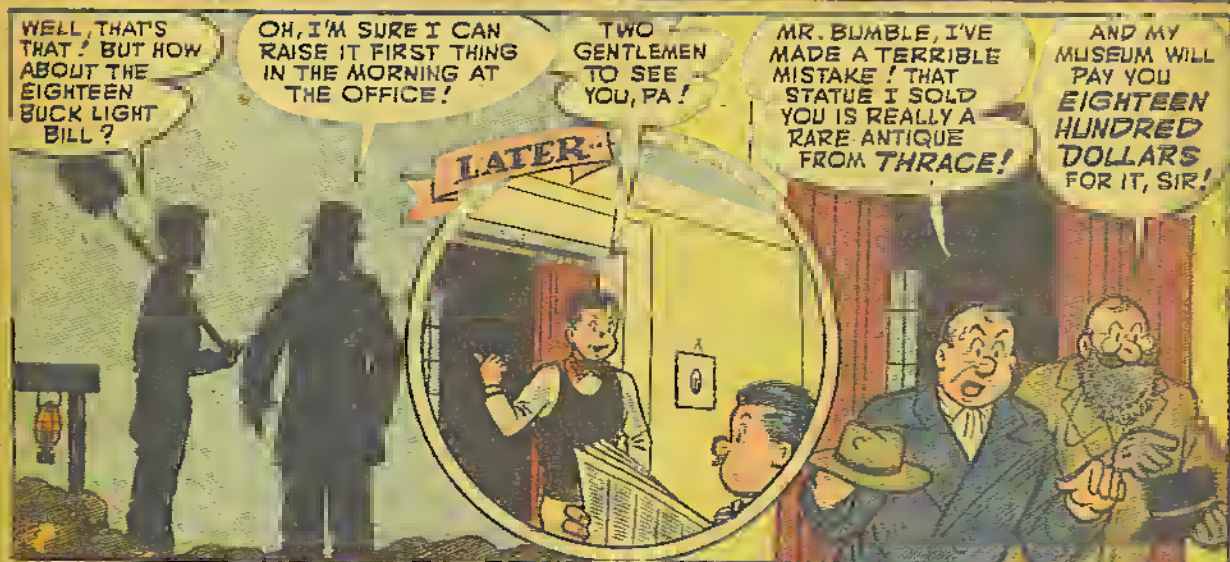
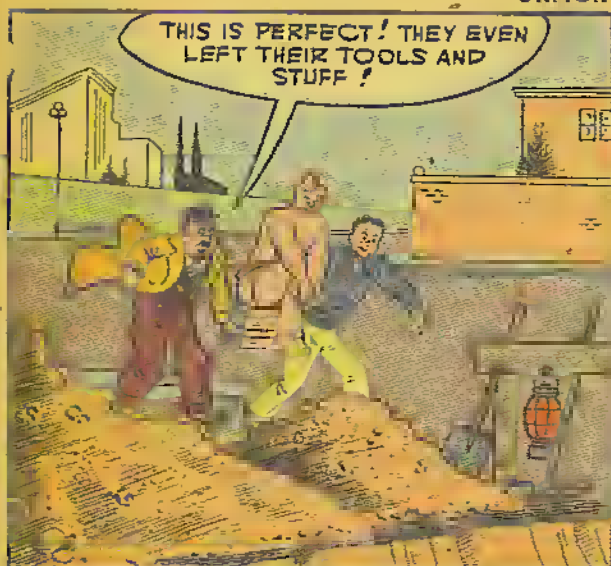
AND I STILL THINK I COULDA MADE A SMALL FORTUNE IN THE **FROG LEG** BUSINESS, IF YOU'D ONLY LET ME FLOOD THE CELLAR THE WAY I WANTED!

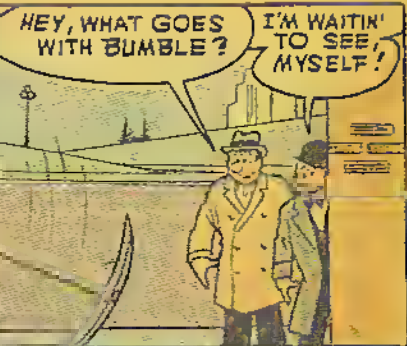
CAN'T BE TRUSTED, INDEED! WHY, I DIDN'T EVEN STOP IN THE CLUB THERE FOR MY USUAL... ER... HOT TODDY!

MIKE'S

SHUX! IT'S BEGINNIN' TO RAIN HARD! I'LL JUST STOP IN THIS DOORWAY 'TIL IT SLACKS UP A BIT!







Events follow very fast, and soon...

IT'S OKAY, PA! THE COPS LET ME TAKE THE STATUE AND I COLLECTED THE \$1800!

AND PAID MY FINE! GREAT WORK, SON!

HAVE YOU GOT THE REST OF THE EIGHTEEN HUNDRED WITH YOU?

WELL, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, PA, I HAD TO PAY OUT QUITE A LOT OF IT! I HAD TO HIRE A LAWYER AND...

...PAY \$800 FOR DESTROYING CITY PROPERTY, \$200 TO THE WATER DEPARTMENT, \$200 FINE FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE AND RESISTING ARREST, \$550 TO THE LAWYER AND \$32 MISCELLANEOUS!

UGH! AND I ONLY GOT \$18 LEFT?

HEY! WHAT'S WRONG? WHY'S THE HOUSE ALL DARK?

IT SEEMS THEY TURNED THE LIGHTS OFF BECAUSE SOMEONE DIDN'T PAY AN \$18 BILL!

WHY, CUSS THEIR HIDES...I'LL GO RIGHT DOWN AND PAY THEIR BLASTED BILL NOW!

JUST A MINUTE, BERTRAM DEAR...

THIS TIME I THINK I'LL PAY THE BILL!

CHEER UP, PA! I GUESS THIS JUST WASN'T ONE OF YOUR GOOD DAYS... THAT'S ALL!

WELL, AT LEAST WE STILL GOT \$18! Y'CAN'T SAY I DIDN'T BREAK EVEN!

The Greatest BALL-POINT PEN and BILLFOLD BARGAIN in America!

You Get them BOTH for

only **\$1.98** PEN and BILLFOLD

Retractable Point at a Flick of the Button

You Get Both

This Easy-Writing PEN
This Coin Holder
Pass Case
BILLFOLD



Your Permanent Engraved Identification and Social Security Tag

Clear-View CRITICUM PASS LEAVES

COIN HOLDER IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILLFOLD

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You Also Receive This Three Color Social Security Plate ENGRAVED WITH YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER



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SENSATIONAL FEATURES! THE PEN

- * Feather touch button retracts ball point for instant, smooth writing.
- * Release button retracts ball point faster, easier. Safe! Can't leak.
- * Writes up to 2 years without re-filling. No lead cartridges always available.
- * Beautiful metal and plastic exterior. Streamlined from top to toe.
- * Glides as it writes. No blotting, no smearing, no scratching.
- * Writes on 100% carbon. Writes on any sheet or tablet surface.

THE BILLFOLD

- * Genuine Leather throughout with sturdy reinforced built-in plastic Coin Holder made in solid vertical column worth at change so can't fall out.
- * It has 4 pocket built-in pass case, each pocket protected by celluloid to prevent soiling of your cards.
- * Has spacious currency compartment while keeps all the way for extra insertion or removal of bills.
- * Has celluloid window with stitched pocket to permanently hold your Engraved Social Security Plate.
- * Extra Snap Fastener. Easy to open and close. Holds securely.

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1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 200, Ill.

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MY FULL NAME _____ (Please Print Clearly)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing \$2.00 (\$1.98 plus the Post. Tel. Charge) Please ship my order all postage charges prepaid.

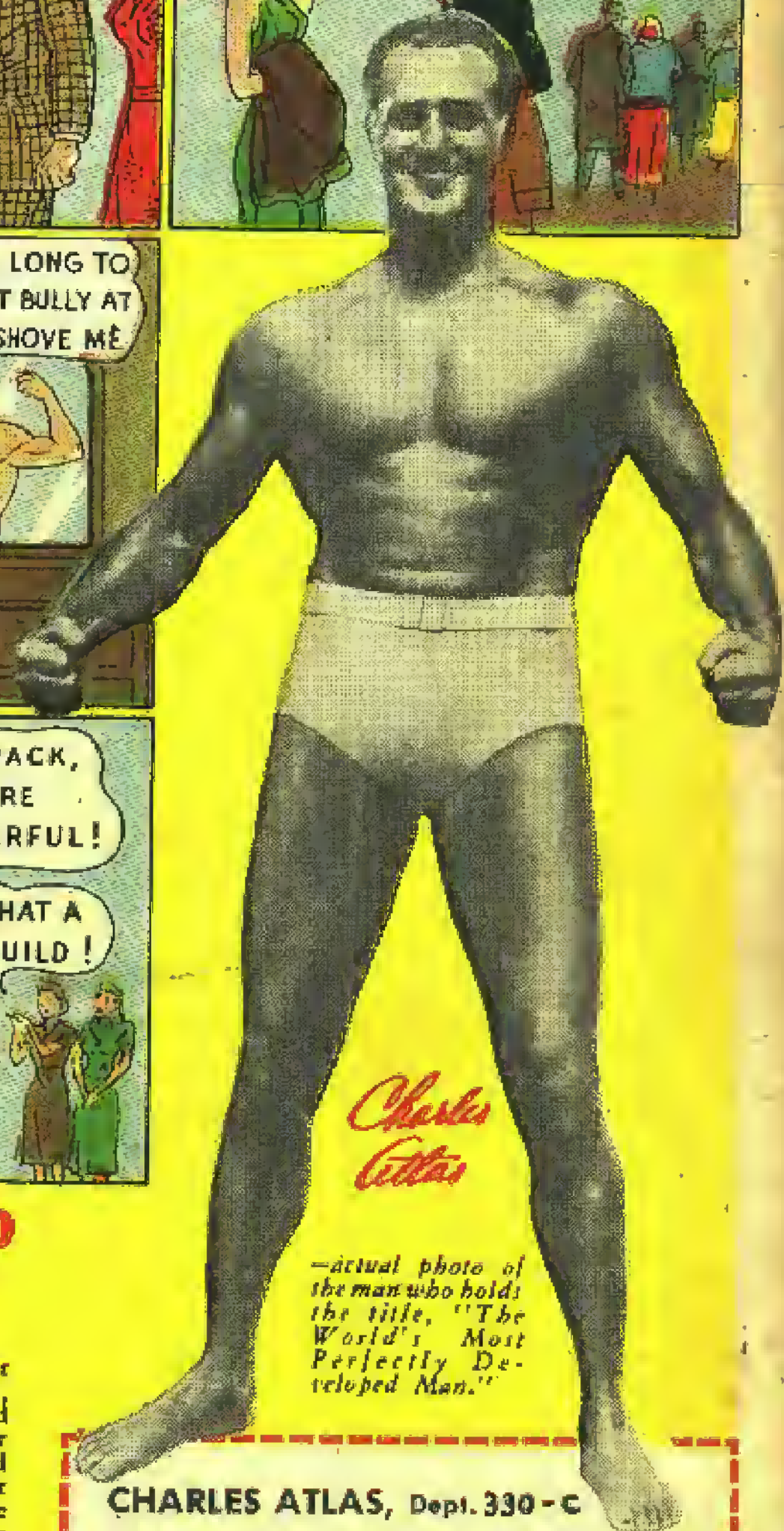
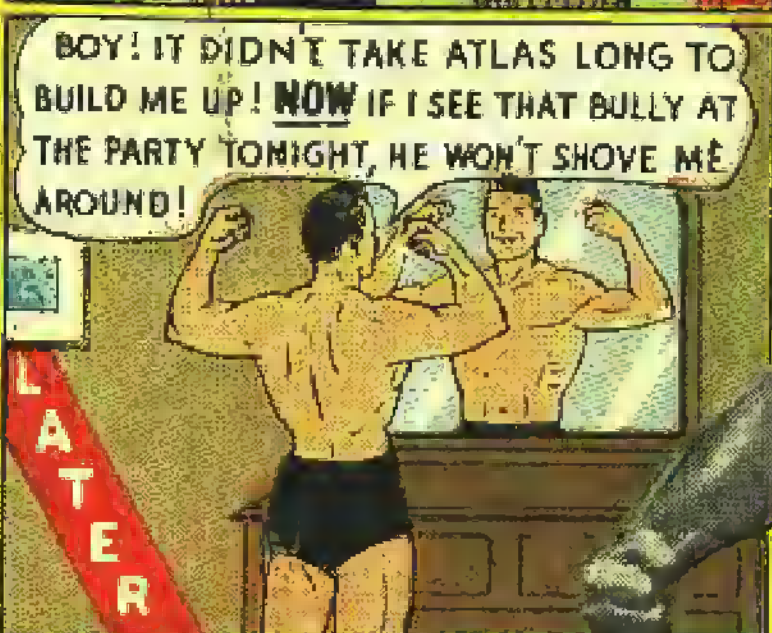
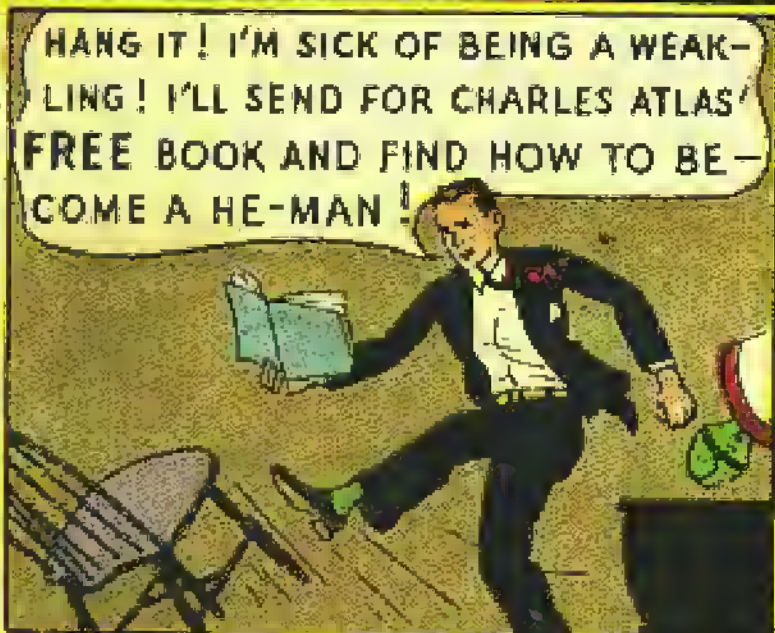
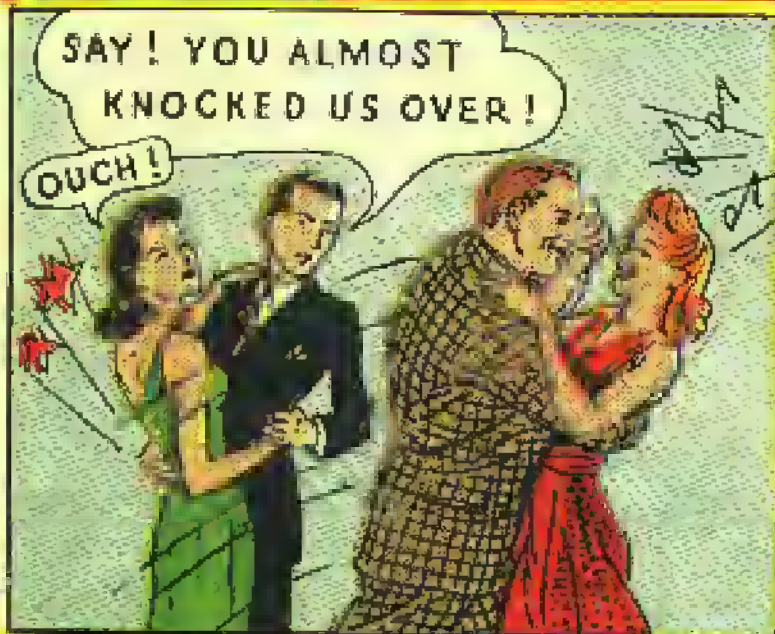
SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER _____

SEND NO MONEY!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY



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THE WEAKLING

SLAUGHTERED THE
"DANCE-FLOOR HOG"!



Charles
Atlas

—actual photo of
the man who holds
the title, "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man."

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Jack—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

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Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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(Please print or write plainly)

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City.....Zone No.State.....
(if any)